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EDITORIAL

HAIL (BUT NOT FAREWELL)

With blacks blaming Jews for Andrew Young's resignation as Ambassador to the United Nations—perhaps fairly, perhaps not—all of us are fortunate in one respect: The man whose resignation they allegedly prompted will do everything in his power to limit the damage to the Jews and to Israel in black America and in black Africa. It is because Andrew Young is a man of such grace and decency that we regret his departure from Government. We don't hold Young blameless in this affair. Conflicting accounts leave us in doubt about the exact sequence of events, but everyone seems to agree that Young did not inform the State Department of the nature of his meeting with the Palestine Liberation Organization's representative. If this was his only error, it seems trivial in comparison to his contributions.

We wish that leaders of organizations of blacks and Jews would take their cue from Young and stop using this incident as a pretext to air their grievances against one another. Some of their statements seem intended to serve their institutional needs in competition with other organizations claiming to speak for the same constituencies. Such bureaucratic ploys do little to further the interests of any of the constituencies; serving those interests requires cooperation, not conflict, between Jews and blacks.

On the bright side, the Young affair could have the beneficial effect of exposing the folly of the United States' refusal to talk directly to the P.L.O. It will also enable an Andrew Young with enhanced public stature to reclaim his independence. We expect Young to use well his newly regained freedom to speak. He could exercise a benign influence on the course of events in the United States and the world, starting with the development of a more realistic policy toward the P.L.O.

SOCIALIZING CHRYSLER
Robert Lekachman

LAST STAND AT THE WESTERN GATE
Peter Matthiessen

THE NEXT NICARAGUA
Cynthia Brown

ROBOTS
Mark Crispin Miller

APOCALYPSE NOW
Robert Hatch

NO HITS, HOW MANY ERRORS

THE L.E.I.U.—McCARTHYISM BY COMPUTER

LINDA VALENTINO and GREG GOLDIN

Lee Lubinsky, during the early 1970s, was one of a small group of anti-war organizers in the conservative college town of Redlands, Calif. His activities, though legal, eventually brought him to the attention of the Redlands Police Department. To the police, Lubinsky was an important subject, a "recognized leader in peace movements, with connections in several states who operates Draft Evasion Councilling [*sic*] and organizes meetings and arranges financing."

The Police Department considered Lubinsky's activities to be so important that they placed their surveillance information into the files of the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit, an association of local and state law-enforcement agencies, registered in California as a private, nonprofit charitable trust. Six years later, the Redlands information on Lubinsky turned up in the hands of the Chicago Police Department's Subversive Squad. His alleged "associates," his *modus operandi*, even the cars he once drove, were all part of the information that the Chicago Police Department obtained courtesy of its membership in the L.E.I.U.

Despite several years of shocking revelations about the intelligence community's abuses, the L.E.I.U. has almost totally evaded public scrutiny. But now, with the release of several L.E.I.U. file cards and more than 1,000 documents culled from the Federal Bureau of Investigation's secret files on the organ-

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LETTERS.

FLOATING PROBLEM

Washington

I want to commend you for your recent editorial on the Vietnamese refugees ["The Boat People," by John S. Rosenberg, *The Nation,* July 7].

President Carter has taken a step in the right direction by doubling the number of Indochinese refugees who can be admitted to this country each month, from 7,000 to 14,000. But welcome as that action is, it is cosmetic. It deals with the result rather than the cause. Unless our policy changes, many thousands of innocent people are going to die.

What is needed is for the Government of the United States to stop pretending that the Government of Vietnam does not exist. We should recognize it, establish normal trading relationships, and sit down and talk frankly about the refugee problem, trying to work out solutions.

Part of the present difficulties in the Indochina arena—not just the refugee problem—has been caused by our unwillingness to face reality. Vietnam has made clear that it yearns for recognition, wants to buy some of our products, and does not want to become too dependent on either the Soviets or the Chinese. We ought to be encouraging that course of independence, not discouraging it. This is in our own security interest, even aside from the refugee problem.

A short time ago our Government issued a statement denouncing the Government of Vietnam for its role in the refugee situation. While I agree that many of these deaths are caused in large part by the actions of the Vietnamese Government, our pious denunciations do not ring true when every knowledgeable person believes that the refugee problem would not be as severe if our Government started working with the Government of Vietnam, instead of being self-righteously aloof.

I have yet to talk to a single person from the State Department who does not believe it is in our national interest to recognize Vietnam. But no one breathes it in public. Representative Lester Wolff of New York, who heads the Subcommittee on Asian Affairs, which is dealing with the refugee problem, believes that as many as 70 percent of the refugees may lose their lives in the next year. Former Senator Dick Clark, who heads the refugee program, puts it at 50 percent.

Either way it is an incredible human toll that should be stopped. Doubling the number of refugees we admit helps a little, but perhaps helps our conscience more than it helps the fundamental problem. We must sit down with the Government that exists in Vietnam and talk frankly with it if the flow of refugees is to stop. No one can guarantee that will solve the problem. But we can virtually guarantee that if we don't do that, the problem will not be solved.

Paul Simon
U.S. Congressman
24th District, Illinois

THE PROGRESSIVE (CENSORED) BRIEF

Madison, Wis.

I was most grateful to read your lead editorial, "Progressive Secrecy," in *The Nation* [August 11-18]. We here at the Progressive Foundation in Madison are trying to assist *The Progressive* in its effort to tell its side of the unprecedented prior restraint case the Government has brought against the magazine, and to alert the public to the growing cancer of censorship that permeates the entire case. The heavily censored brief to which your editorial refers is but the latest in a series of censored briefs, affidavits and other documents, while the judge in the case has conducted one major hearing (on June 15) in such secrecy that even the media and defendants were barred from the courtroom, and later filed a ruling in the proceeding but refused to release the text of his opinion.

The Progressive Foundation has reprinted this infamous censored eighty-three-page brief, and is offering it for sale at a minimal cost, or free with a donation of $25 to The Progressive Foundation. Write for one at 315 W. Gorham Street, Madison, Wis. 53703. With enough information and an outraged public, *The Progressive* can win this case and go about its business of keeping the people informed about vital matters of nuclear secrecy and the many dangers inherent in the country's nuclear weapons and energy programs.

James Rowen
Executive Director
The Progressive Foundation

TRUE WOMANHOOD

New York City

In his review of *I Remember Mama* [Theater, *The Nation*, July 14-21], Harold Clurman praises Liv Ullman's "warm womanliness and simple truthfulness in the character of Mama." He then goes on to assert that there are very few actresses today whom—"quite apart from sheer acting talent"—he could call "true women." I have nothing against Liv Ullman but I do resent Mr. Clurman's smug assumption that he knows what a "true woman" is (Does a "true man" exude cold manliness and complicated deception?).

Mr. Clurman closes by saying, "Something seems to have happened." Perhaps what has happened is that "true" women and men, both on stage and off, are no longer adequate to deal with the true questions and changes taking place in today's society.

Ann Rae Schlesinger

New York City

It is no more a "smug assumption" that I know what a "true woman" is than that I am a theater critic. I was speaking about "true women" among actresses on our stage. (I do not consider it a "smug assumption" on the part of Ms. Schlesinger in her implied suggestion that *she* knows what a "true woman" is, on or off stage.)

Some years ago, I also stated (another "smug assumption," I presume) that in comparison to an older generation of actors and to certain others in foreign countries, most American actors, including those with talent, seemed like "boys" to me, rather than mature men.

In the case of Liv Ullman—I mentioned two actresses of an earlier day, although I might have cited many more—the comparison between the two periods recurred to me.

Of course, in saying that "Something seems to have happened," I had in view "the true questions. . . taking place in today's society." Readers of my column know that I have often referred to some of these questions and changes as they relate to the theater. If I had no awareness of these matters in any other way, I would have been apprised of them every week as a reader of this journal.

Harold Clurman

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EDITORIALS.

Peace Means Talk

The murky circumstances surrounding Ambassador Andrew Young's resignation should not also be allowed to obscure the real issue at stake: U.S. policy toward the Palestinians. None of the parties to the Camp David treaty can avoid much longer grappling with the primary source of the Middle East's agony. To the extent that the Camp David accords provided the basis for the Egyptian-Israeli treaty, they did so by postponing a reckoning with the role to be played by the Palestinians. But the treaty does acknowledge Palestinian rights and more, specifically calls for West Bank elections no later than April 1980. The Egyptian-Israeli talks on West Bank autonomy, however, are deadlocked—and it appears that until some representatives of the Palestinians are brought into the negotiations no elections will take place.

How to help break the deadlock and involve the Palestinians in the peace negotiations—that is the diplomatic challenge facing the Carter Administration. The Israeli negotiating position on autonomy (as described by Trudy Rubin, "Begin's West Bank Strategy," *The Nation,* June 30) is not designed to encourage the Palestinians to join the autonomy talks. And yet in the long term, the goal of any negotiations must be to accommodate the principles of Palestinian self-determination and Israeli security. Until the 1974 Rabat Conference, at which the Palestine Liberation Organization was designated as the sole representative of the Palestinian people, it might have been possible for King Hussein of Jordan to speak for the Palestinians over the West Bank. Since then, the P.L.O. remains the only organization that even makes the claim to speak for the Palestinian people.

Israel is understandably reluctant to negotiate with an entity whose 1968 charter calls upon the Palestinians "to purge the Zionist presence from Palestine." But the P.L.O. has signaled in a variety of ways its willingness to reconsider this rhetorical article of faith. Thus the first task of a would-be peacemaker in the Middle East would seem to be to persuade the P.L.O. to renounce its destructive charter and to accept the rules of the game—recognition of United Nations Resolution 242 and the right of Israel to exist. Only when the P.L.O. has thus given its blessing to the Camp David peace process will the Palestinians in the West Bank partici-

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pate in the autonomy elections. To persuade the P.L.O. to accept this principle may require talking directly to them.

Finding a way to talk to the P.L.O. has been part of an unspoken U.S. policy for some time. Only a day after Young's secret meeting with a P.L.O. official in New York, Assistant Secretary of State for Near Eastern and South Asian Affairs Harold Saunders (an old C.I.A. hand) told a House subcommittee that informal talks with the P.L.O. are "a sensitive political issue and we're going to deal with it *not as a legal issue,* but as an issue that must be resolved in the context of supporting the negotiating process."

If the P.L.O. were merely a terrorist army, then opening negotiations with it might indeed seem futile; but it also encompasses a rather cumbersome bureaucracy including many Palestinians who would now like to abandon what they call the "armed struggle." The trick is to encourage those elements in the P.L.O. who would renounce the cruel ideology of terrorist martyrdom.

The Palestinians and Israelis have until now refused to recognize each other. But attitudes have begun to change, both inside Israel and among Yasir Arafat's supporters. Opportunities exist today for a dialogue that was beyond imagination a few short years ago. The number of Israelis and Jewish Americans who have talked to the P.L.O. in recent years make what Andrew Young did last month seem rather tame.

Our U.N. Ambassador was seen to be acting in an official capacity and that is a substantial difference, but even so, he was not opening virgin diplomatic territory.

It has not been generally known, but Young's contacts with the P.L.O had been preceded by many others—including emissaries from the American Jewish community. Present at one meeting with two of Yasir Arafat's closest aides (Sabri Jiryis and Isa Sartawi) in New York City during the fall of 1976 were Philip Klutznick, president of the World Jewish Congress; Nahum Goldmann, former president of the World Jewish Congress; George Gruen of the American Jewish Committee; Herman Edelsberg, director of the B'nai B'rith International Council, and Max Ticktin of the B'nai B'rith's Hillel Society. Well-known Israelis such as retired Gen. Mattit yahu Peled and Arie Eliav, former secretary-general of the Israeli Labor Party, have also held face-to-face discussions with P.L.O. officials arranged through the good offices of such prominent Jews as Pierre Mendes-France, former Prime Minister of France, and Bruno Kreisky, Chancellor of Austria.

And the history of U.S. official contact with the P.L.O. is rather longer than one might expect from the latest furor. Henry Kissinger himself authorized Special Ambassador L. Dean Brown to meet P.L.O. official Sabri Jiryis (once an Israeli citizen) in late 1976 at the exclusive Cosmos Club in Washington, D.C. More recently, aides to Carter's Middle East envoy, Robert Strauss, met with a prominent member of the Palestine National Council, the P.L.O.'s "parliament in exile." None of these meetings were mere social encounters.

Some, though admittedly not all, have come away from these encounters with a new sense of the opportunities available to achieve an accommodation with the Palestinians, a peace that, unlike a separate peace treaty between Egypt and Israel, might also end the random terrorism. None of this is meant to suggest that the Palestinians would be easy adversaries across the negotiating table. And ultimately the Israelis and Palestinians alone must settle their differences. But if the United States is to play a constructive role as mediator, then we should make every attempt to bring the Israelis and Palestinians into face-to-face negotiations.

Saving Chrysler

From time to time, admirers of free enterprise, red in tooth and claw, like the editorial writers of *The Wall Street Journal*, reiterate the ancient point that American market capitalism is not merely a profit system, it is a *profit and loss* arrangement, in which, as William Simon, or his ghostwriter, has recently pointed out, the right to go broke coexists in beautiful symmetry with the chance to earn profits. I suppose that economists—at least of the Chicago persuasion—continue to believe, faith as usual ignoring contrary evidence, that the stern discipline of the market sorts out the efficient from the inefficient. The latter cease to be entrepreneurs, turn loose the resources they mismanaged for more efficient redeployment by more alert rivals, and presumably hunt out whatever humble employment is available and suited to their meager talents.

At this point in the sermon, we must cope with Chrysler. Here is the country's tenth largest industrial corporation and the world's fourteenth largest. In 1978, Chrysler Corporation sold a substantial $13.61 billion worth of assorted cars, trucks, military items and appliances. Only a dozen years ago, Chrysler was a strong third in the industry, selling in 1967 one out of every six domestically fabricated vehicles. But by the first half of this year, its market share had dropped to 9.2 percent, 80,000 unsold vehicles cluttered dealers' lots, thousands of white- and blue-collar workers were laid off, and job losses were spreading to the rubber, steel and glass industries.

Prospects are excellent that Chrysler in 1979 will chalk up an all-time record loss for an American corporation in a single year. Chrysler president Lee Iacocca, brought in last year as a miracle worker after being fired by Henry Ford 2d because Henry had never really liked him, is now reduced to seeking from the United Automobile Workers a two-year freeze of wages and benefits, and joining chairman John Riccardo in soliciting $1 billion of tax relief from the Treasury. Even at today's prices, $1 billion resembles real money, but the experts are thinking in more heroic numbers. One disaffected former Chrysler financial analyst was cited by *The New York Times* on August 17 to the effect that the magic number was in the $7 billion to $8 billion range. Many of the commentators will settle for $3 billion. The White House response so far has been a suggestion by new Treasury Secretary G. William Miller of loan guarantees no larger than

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$500 million to $700 million. The company seems prepared to accept even this trifling sum.

Chrysler's cry for help has led to some peculiar alliances. United in a common urge to bail out this floundering industrial giant are U.A.W. president Douglas Fraser; Michigan's two liberal Democratic Senators, Donald Riegle and Carl Levin; and the Carter Administration. All parties are worried about losses to employees, suppliers, merchants who deal with employees and suppliers, and Chrysler dealers, some of whom have already given up the ghost. Then there is the little matter of the 1980 election, for which President Carter seems still prepared to show up. Opposed to a bailout in addition to *The Wall Street Journal* are, among others, former Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal (who hopes that Volkswagen or some other foreign scavenger will pick up the bits and pieces) and General Motors chairman Thomas Murphy, whose belief in the free market is that of a man whose corporation has cornered 57 percent of same. Douglas Fraser, a generally mild-mannered and soft-spoken soul, was sufficiently aggravated by G.M.'s opposition to call Murphy a "horse's ass," thus marking the second instance in which that portion of the anatomy, equine or human, has been featured in the news during the summer political season.

If the national economy were operating at anything approximating full employment, I'd be inclined to let Chrysler sink or swim, on the premise that a huge corporation as mismanaged by overpaid executives as this one has been for the last three decades might just as well pay the price of pervasive marketing blunders, chaotic dealer organization and ill-advised overseas acquisitions. It's a trifle unfair to make the innocent suffer along with the guilty. The Carter Administration has taken to boasting of its first recession, predicting by next year 8.2 percent general unemployment, and spurring the new Federal Reserve chairman, Paul Volcker, on to new prodigies of high interest rates and tight money. Volcker, a notorious sound-money man, has needed little encouragement to do what comes naturally. Anyone who loses a job in the next year is going to encounter grave difficulty in finding another one at anything like an auto worker's earnings. This glum outlook presumably explains the U.A.W.'s implied promise to go easy on Chrysler after settling with G.M. and Ford. Iacocca's bid for a freeze was no more than an opening P-K4 in the complicated chess game Chrysler is playing with all parties, including General Motors. It turns out that despite Murphy's stern words, General Motors Acceptance Corporation is extending $230 million of credit to Chrysler dealers.

On the plausible assumption, then, that something will be and probably ought to be done for Chrysler, the next question is what. Let me cite as my unlikely guide Justice Harry Blackmun who in a very different sort of welfare case delivered himself of these sage comments: "One who dispenses purely private charity naturally has an interest in and expects to know how his charitable funds are utilized and put to work. The public, when it is the provider, rightly expects the same. It might well expect more, because of the trust aspects of public funds."

How should the public provide so as to insure prudent use of tax revenues, minimize the chance of loss and even derive some general benefit to the community? We might do worse for a start by excluding loan guarantees. At best, as in the Lockheed case, the Treasury gets its money back or, more accurately, doesn't have to make good the loans extended under the guarantees by the banks and life insurance companies. Congressman Henry Reuss has suggested that loan guarantees be conditioned upon a substantial corporate shift toward buses and rail equipment. Although this is a promising notion, an even better one is Treasury acquisition of an equity interest in Chrysler.

The virtues of Federal ownership of new, voting common stock are easily identified. As an owner, the U.S. Government will enjoy the privileges of other owners. Like any major stockholder, it will nominate one or several members of the board of directors. Through their agency, it will acquire detailed access to operational information and a strong influence over corporate investment and product policies. This is probably the most promising avenue of gradual socialization of the American economy. In the grim economic environment of the next decade, Chrysler will be only the first of numerous chances for the Government to become an active partner of corporate enterprise. I should prefer outright nationalization, but we are politically some distance away from this clean-cut resolution.

ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College, the City University of New York, and a member of The Nation*'s Editorial Board.*

Nostalgia Trip

The wisdom in Washington, so to speak, is that SALT II, that rationale for the continuing arms buildup, is out of the woods. That is, when the "debate" resumes, it will become increasingly clear that the Administration is willing, even eager, to pay the hawks' price for ratification. At the Senate's checkout counter that will be another 5 percent on the Pentagon's package of arms. The military's problem is how to spend the extra half-dozen billion, given the clogged state of the armament pipeline, but that has never defeated the brass and it won't this time.

Beyond the mere dollars, however, lies a more ominous exaction, intangible but nonetheless real, and there is no sign that Carter & Co. will not accept it as part of the real cost of ratification. Resurrect "linkage," or call it righting the "balance," or what you will, it amounts to agreeing to a more aggressive American posture vis-à-vis the Soviet Union all over the world. This thread of policy runs all through Kissinger's clever and dreadful testimony on the eve of the Congressional recess.

Kissinger was in an odd spot. As the "architect of

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VARIATIONS

CALVIN TRILLIN

Once I arrived in Canada, where we live in the summer, my view of the gasoline shortage in the United States reduced itself to one sentence: Tough luck, guys. In Canada, we (a pronoun I use casually when it suits my purposes) have no gasoline shortage—because the province of Alberta has so much oil that its Prime Minister is known as "the blue-eyed Arab." I was surprised at how quickly I abandoned any concern for my fellow Americans, including friends and blood relatives, who were left behind to suffer on the home front. As I remember, it only took about ten minutes—although, since I was still cranky from sitting in gas lines on the other side of the border, I was probably not in the best condition to note details precisely. I don't know why these indications of weak character continue to surprise me; they pop up regularly. There was a time, for instance, when I strongly believed and often stated that nepotism was despicable and that any parent who used influence to seek favoritism for his child was bringing shame on both of them. Some twenty minutes after our first child was born, I realized that I had discarded those beliefs without so much as an "on the other hand." My wife was a bit disappointed that I would abandon my principles in only twenty minutes; apparently, some new fathers with real character have held out for as long as an hour and a half.

I know there are those who will attribute my callousness toward my countrymen's suffering to sour grapes. It is true that not long before I fled the country I did a bit of investigative theorizing that I had reason to believe would be followed up by those in authority. (There may be people who believe that there is no such thing as investigative theorizing but, having just seen an advertisement in a California weekly for organic orthodontia, I am in a position to say that in America there is such a thing as everything.) By May, I had come to realize that the problem we faced was not merely waiting in gasoline lines but having to hear stories about waiting in gasoline lines. I realized that the entire society was being transformed into the very people we have all tried most assiduously to avoid all of our lives—the man who enjoys talking about how many miles he gets to the gallon and the man who describes in detail the route that allowed him to make it from the door of his house on East 94th to Montauk in two hours and fourteen minutes, which happens to be precisely the amount of time his description of the route requires. Publicly, I revealed the conclusion of my investigation: We were victims of a conspiracy by the Arab states to put us into a position to bore ourselves to death.

It is true that I expected the Administration to take the investigative ball and run with it. It did not occur to me that the President's principal response to the gasoline lines would be to go off to his "rustic mountain retreat" and invite a lot of people over—simulating a summer camp where every day is Parents' Visiting Day. After a while, I began to understand how Woodward and the other fellow felt when they kept turning up dirt about Watergate and nobody seemed to believe them except Jason Robards Jr.

Still, I kept digging. My next breakthrough came partly from hearing someone on a Canadian radio program say that, given the decline of the dollar in international purchasing power, the increase in the price of OPEC crude oil over the past decade has been no greater than the general rate of inflation. I was reminded of a talk I had recently with a friend I often used to have lunch with when both of us had just arrived in New York. We almost always ate in a basement French restaurant in the West 40s, and we recalled that the lunch menu offered appetizer, entree, bread and butter, dessert and coffee for $1.15. Remembering the prices at the restaurant naturally led to some discussion of our equally modest salaries and how we managed "in those days"—when suddenly I blurted out, "Wait a minute! We're not talking about the turn of the century. That was 1957. There were motorcars on the streets. There were transcontinental airplanes. Herman Talmadge was the Senator from Georgia. The *Today* program was on Channel 4. Bob Hope was the Oscar Awards M.C." For the first time, I realized the real cause of the nostalgia explosion: Since money is the base line for any discussion of American society, inflation has accelerated the aging process of The Good Old Days.

Obviously, an important element of the acceleration has been the price of gasoline. Shortly before I escaped from my native land this spring, I heard an acquaintance reminiscing in some detail about the days when we just drove around the corner and filled up our cars with high-test for 34 cents a gallon. (My acquaintance is a simple fellow, and probably had no way of knowing that by bending my ear in that way he was serving the geopolitical aims of the United Arab Emirates.) I now realize that the old days he was talking about were in 1971. A different sort of conspiracy may be afoot, and I have different questions that the President might want to have his investigators look into, now that he's back from his little camp-out. Since nostalgia is fueled by inflation, could it be that inflation is the result of a conspiracy by the people who are trying to palm off McGovern buttons and Howdy Doody puppets and their Aunt Thelma's toaster as antiques? Has there been any contact at all between OPEC and the flea market industry?

I can now envision a time when inflation is spinning time around so quickly that fourth graders become sloppily nostalgic while talking about The Good Old Days when Hershey bars only cost 50 cents—a reference to the previous September. That would be a particularly nasty blow to Canadians, since many of the manufactured goods bought in Canada come from the United States. It's no fun being nostalgic about someone else's Hershey bar. There is already inflation in Canada, of course, but, I am relieved to report, the purchasing power of Americans living in Canada in the summer has still not been seriously affected, since the Canadian dollar is currently worth about 15 cents less than ours—a pronoun I use casually when it suits my purposes.

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ARTICLES.

TOLAKWE, PORTAL OF SOULS

Last Stand at The Western Gate

PETER MATTHIESSEN

Even on maps, the most prominent point on the West Coast is a broad headland thirty miles north of Santa Barbara that has been known since Spanish days as Point Concepcion. For many centuries before that, it was Tolakwe, the "wild and stormy coast" of Indian tradition, the "Western Gate" of indigenous peoples of south-central California, where all new life entered the world and from where the souls of the dead departed into the West. Because the Western Gate is threatened by the proposed construction of a huge liquefied natural gas (LNG) terminal that will obliterate the silence, solitude and sacred state of this remote promontory that juts out into the Pacific from the base of the Santa Ynez Mountains, Point Concepcion has become a symbol for Indians all across America, who are waiting to see if the American Indian Religious Freedom Act, signed on August 11 of last year by President Carter, has any more meaning than the hundreds of Indian treaties that the Federal Government has broken when they got in the way of private profits or expedience. In the course of the confrontation, which began last year, it came to light that the scarily volatile and dangerous LNG (natural gas cooled to 260 degrees Fahrenheit below zero and compressed to one six-hundredth of its normal volume) is to be brought here from Indonesia and unloaded directly on this rugged coast, even though the explosion of an LNG tanker (according to a Congressional estimate cited in *The New York Times,* April 15) would create a fireball twenty miles long and five miles wide. The four storage tanks, each thirteen stories high, are to be constructed in the immediate area of four earthquake faults that are defined as "active," including the recently discovered Arroyo Central Fault, which lies directly underneath the proposed site. In a staff report issued early last September, the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission released a report which declared that "Point Concepcion must be eliminated as an LNG site because active faults exist on and adjacent to the proposed site." Since the location was also of archeological and religious importance, and since "severe" wind and sea conditions would make the unloading from the cumbersome supertankers very dangerous, the report concluded that "the case against Point Concepcion is unassailable."

Despite these excellent arguments and others (including the rather prevalent opinion that no such "facility" is really needed at the present time), the huge power consortium called Western LNG Associates, with the nervous conditional approval of the state Public Utilities Commission and Governor Brown, is persisting in its intention to build its $600-million terminal on the site of its first choice. Should its application be turned down, Western LNG has said, it will take its business out of the state entirely, thereby threatening California with the same shortage scares that oil and timber corporations have employed in recent years to bully the public into acceptance of their excessive profits. Apparently the Indonesian dictatorship, in dire need of income from the U.S. business interests whose investments it protects, is in a hurry, and the Point Concepcion terminal could be completed—and show a profit—faster than the other coastal sites that were considered, but in view of the great risks involved these considerations do not seem to justify the consortium's insistence on this site. (As of July, Western LNG is claiming that the Public Utilities Commission has all but officially approved the site; the P.U.C. denies this—it also denies that the Indian Religious Freedom Act applies to Point Concepcion, passing the responsibility to the Federal Government. A recommendation is imminent from the Administrative Law Judge of the Federal Energy Regulatory Commission, but it is the Department of Energy as a political unit that will probably make the last determination in the matter. Should the department use its powerful authorizing legislation to overrule its own agencies on the grounds of national emergency and decide in favor of the big power companies, then once again our Federal laws to protect the Indians and the environment will have been flouted by the Government itself.)

In spring 1978, Western LNG, without obtaining either P.U.C. approval or a county permit, without preparing an environmental impact statement or consulting the Indians as to sacred sites (although worried Indians were attending the P.U.C. hearings) and without paying any noticeable attention to the state Native American Heritage Act, which protects ancient sites from "severe and irreparable damage," dug two enormous trenches within thirty yards of a known site and just downhill from the graves of seven Chumash chiefs. This secretive and arbitrary move, and especially "the backhoeing of our ancestors' graves," incensed the Chumash; among all Indians, the transgression of ancestral burial grounds is bitterly resented. Surprisingly, the strong feelings about the Western Gate had survived the harsh subjugations of the Spanish missions as well as the more casual repressions that came after, as this beautiful and fertile coast that had supported one of the great Indian civilizations of North America passed without recompense into white hands.

Until the middle of this century, the California Indians themselves had mostly accepted the poor opinion in which they were held, and had tried their best to become invisible in the white society, but all that time, a few stubborn "traditionals" among them had done their best to keep what was left of their religion from contamination by the

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white man, and now the whites were astonished by their vehemence; as the Indians recognized, the white men had scarcely known that Indians were still there. "If that place were destroyed tomorrow," a young medicine man named Kote Lotah told reporters, "I feel so strongly about it, I would want to die today so that I could pass through the Western Gate." Another Indian told Herb Fox of the Santa Barbara *News & Review* (November 9, 1978), "We do not invite violence; we will not pick up a gun. But if it's a confrontation that they want, they will get it. Every Indian in this country knows what's goin' on here; if one drop of Indian blood is spilled, that's it. There'll be more Indians here than they can shake a stick at."

In early May 1978, twenty-five Indians invaded the proposed terminal site at Point Concepcion, from which they have been barred in recent years by the utility companies; they announced their intention to lie down in the path of the earth-moving machinery rather than permit further disruption of the sacred ground. When they were not immediately arrested, as they had expected, they set up a camp, and Western LNG, fearing public sympathy for the Indians, left them alone; in July, a P.U.C. ruling that granted the consortium a conditional approval to proceed with the Point Concepcion site, pending the completion of seismic reports and other requirements, also granted the Indians access to the area for spiritual purposes. Meanwhile, a boycott of the LNG operation by local archeologists, who sympathized with the outrage of the Indians over the damage done to the sacred sites "behind our backs," and whose presence was required before digging could proceed, held up the trenching, and therefore the completion of the seismic report, without which the terminal could not be approved by the P.U.C. For the next six months, things were more or less at a standstill, with time on the Indians' side. The "spiritual encampment" (all liquor, drugs and firearms forbidden) at Shisholop Village, named for the ancient Shisholop, or Landing Place, had now grown to about 100 people, and was in clear violation of trespass and zoning laws, but the power companies, announcing a belated wish to establish a "relationship" with the Indians, did not force their eviction until late last February, after bad publicity surrounding a senseless shooting by visiting A.I.M. (American Indian Movement) "security men"—a young Indian who had been found drinking was shot through the foot—had broken the Indians' own rules about firearms, and weakened public sympathy for the cause.

The Chumash cause had won my own support because of Archie Fire Lame Deer, a Lakota medicine man who is married to a Chumash and serves the band as a spiritual adviser. Lame Deer, whom I met last year while visiting the University of California at Santa Barbara as a guest lecturer, had been kind enough to invite me to join a sweat lodge ceremony in the hills behind the town, and meanwhile he and others at the Santa Barbara Indian Center had told me about the crisis at Point Concepcion. Although the Indians are quite aware of the white man's folly in planning such a "facility" in such a place, they have limited their protest to the transgression of sacred ground. According to Lame Deer, one of the many Indians from other parts of North America who support the Chumash—"the Keepers of the Western Gate"—in their fight for spiritual survival, Point Concepcion is the most sacred site in all of California, and though he is anxious to avoid the sort of violent confrontation that occurred in 1973 with the "occupation" of Wounded Knee, he has joined Chumash medicine man Kote Lotah and others in a vow to give his life, if necessary, in its defense. This spring, passing through Santa Barbara once again, I visited the Indian Center to find out how the cause was going. Lee Dixon, a young Luiseño from south California, felt that the closing of Shisholop Village had actually improved morale, which had been damaged by the factionalism introduced by the A.I.M. people.

When the Indians dismantled Shisholop Village in obedience to a court order, they had left behind the central cook shed and two sweat lodges as well as certain religious objects that Lame Deer was anxious to retrieve. Taking advantage of this chance to see the place, I offered to drive him there in my truck, and picked him up at his house in downtown Santa Barbara early the next morning. During the journey north on the coast highway, he told me more about the struggle, and how he himself had come to be here.

At 43, Lame Deer is a very big man with a bearish amble who wears his long hair in a braid. He has a melodious, resonant, sad voice, and something sad is seen around the eyes, but otherwise, his big-featured Sioux face is without expression until it opens in a sudden smile. During the journey north to Point Concepcion, he told me some legends and stories of the Minneconjou, the most traditional band of the Lakota, or Teton Sioux, whose lands have mostly disappeared beneath the pavement and environs of Rapid City, S. Dak. (His great-grandfather, for whom the Lame Deer Reservation of the Northern Cheyenne Indians was named, was that Minneconjou chief who joined forces with Sitting Bull's Hunkpapas just before the battle at Greasy Grass Creek, as "Little Big Horn" is known to the Plains Indians.) Archie Fire was raised in South Dakota on the Rosebud Reservation, and his father was the late John Fire Lame Deer, a well-known medicine man who came here to Point Concepcion four years ago and renewed the Western Gate with a ceremonial blessing.

Where the coast highway curves inland north of Gaviota Beach, we turned off on the private road that follows the sea cliffs under the Santa Ynez Mountains, crossing the Hollister Ranch toward the broad headland at Point Concepcion, which has been leased to Western LNG by California Edison. Since the February eviction, Indians are limited to visits during daylight hours; no more than six at a time among those people on a list of twenty-four names are permitted through two checkpoints manned by guards. Lame Deer identified me as "Jim Quis Quis," an Indian from San Diego with whom the guards were unfamiliar.

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"You look kind of like him," he said to me laconically, when we went through.

The narrow road wound over sunny grasslands between the mountains and ocean, through cool sea air and fresh yellows of wild mustard, one of the many plants still eaten here by Indians; in the liquid light, the harsh notes of the redwings were softened by the sweet song of the western meadowlark. Offshore, the ocean was clear blue, with shining patches of giant kelp and bright whitecaps beyond; Point Concepcion is the meeting place of two strong offshore currents, and its rough seas are well known to navigators. Lame Deer explained how in the old days, the young warriors being initiated into the tribe would be dropped at sea and made to swim ashore through these cold waters of the great white shark, a sacred creature to the Chumash who had big canoes that traded up and down the coast. This winter there had been ample rain, and the grass was rich and thick and green, with heavy seedheads, flowing away in waves under the wind; he took great pleasure in the grass, remarking finally that it reminded him of spring at home in the Dakotas.

Followed by the blue four-wheel drive vehicles of the guards, who drove up onto an eminence to keep an eye on us, we inspected from above the great trenches dug by Western LNG the year before. Company spokesmen had declared that the trenches had been dug in order to trace the earthquake fault line discovered in a gorge only a few hundred yards from the proposed site, but the Indians suspected that gouges so enormous were not necessary for this purpose, that they were actually intended to serve as foundations for the terminal, which will bury the ancient village sites under heavy concrete. At least one archeologist has suggested that people may have occupied this coast as early as 100,000 years ago (a skull tentatively dated at 48,000 years—the oldest known so far from North America—was found a few years ago at Del Mar, north of San Diego), and it is generally agreed that there have been at least five villages on this site in the last 7,000 years.

In recent decades, the Indians have been denied access to the Point by California Edison, but since 1974, when John Fire Lame Deer renewed Tolakwe with his blessing "from the mountain ridges to the sea," his son said now, indicating the extent of it with a wave of his big hand, sweat lodges with feather poles have been maintained here, and also a pit high up in the mountains that is used by young Indians in the vision quest. Lame Deer had come out today to renew Tolakwe once again, and he led the way on foot down past the remains of Shisholop Village, where a solitary wickiup or "tepee" and the mess hall are the only structures that still stand. The encampment was situated on a grassy canyon flat above a wooded creek that winds down from the mountains; from a sweat lodge beside the creek he retrieved deer antlers and a tarpaulin. Pushing through a rank undergrowth of sticky thistle that has grown up since the Indians departed, we followed tracks of a raccoon up the quiet stream to a second sweat lodge in a copse of oak and willow. Medicine pouches belonging to

DRAWINGS BY MARSHALL ARISMAN

Kote Lotah and to Ernie Peters, an A.I.M. leader to whom Lame Deer had given certain teachings, still hung from a small staff outside the entrance. This place was sheltered from the hard sea wind, and the heat was quiet; everything was still. In hauling back the heavy tarpaulins that insulated the low round hut (which is just large enough for about twelve people to sit in a circle around a pit of heated stones) we disturbed the soft nest of a deer mouse and the shelter of a bold skink with a bright blue tail: like the thistles, the wild creatures had come back very quickly.

Lame Deer was carrying the pipe that I had seen the year before, at the sweat ceremony in the hills, a red pipestone bowl that is fitted to a long straight stem of white ash decorated with faded beadwork; a feathered tamper, sweetgrass and tobacco are carried with the pipe pieces in a beautiful buckskin bag. Once the lodge was stripped, he sprinkled some tobacco, explaining that the wind and sun would purify this place of all bad feelings that had been released into the hot steam of the sweat ceremony, the "grandfather's breath" that returns all those who breathe it to unity with the Mother Earth and the Grandfather Sun. "There is no such thing as a 'peace pipe' or a 'war bonnet,' " he murmured. "There is only the sacred pipe, the sacred headdress."

Like all Indians, Lame Deer believes that Point Concepcion is a "power place." Here his father has called to him from the other world, and here, a Luiseño elder, Therman McCormick, has heard the voices of the ancestors. As Kote Lotah has said, "With our prayers and with our presence, we bring back the spirits of long ago. We've brought this land back to life." In the words of Kote Lotah's mother,

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"You wouldn't believe that peace and contentment you feel when you go out there. It's a tremendous feeling you get inside to know you're right there where your ancestors have been and where the spirits go through . . . to the other world. I walked out there to where they dug the trenches and I felt just like bawling to see what they did. I had this weird feeling that bad things were happening there on account of the digging. . . . That is our sacred ground and if they put that liquefied gas stuff there, something bad is going to happen, you can feel it."

Lame Deer took pains to repeat his ceremony of respect at Shisholop Village, where we stood facing high feather poles ceremonially decorated with beads and feathers, hawk and owl heads, tobacco packets, and black, white, yellow and red streamers, which are the colors of the four directions. The warm grass breathed, and meadowlark songs came down the wind on the scents of sweet anise, sagebrush and the sea. "Oh, I feel good today!" Archie exclaimed, with that sudden grin that breaks his stony expression like a splash in a still pond.

From Shisholop, we followed the dirt tracks onto the ridges that climbed high up into the Santa Ynez Mountains. On the far side of the mountains was Lompoc Prison where Lame Deer has set up a sweat lodge for Indian prisoners, including the A.I.M. leader Leonard Peltier; the Lompoc "sweat" is one of several he has started in both state and Federal prisons. Indian prisoners, he says, are especially eager to find their way back to the Old Ways religion that, in the words of Therman McCormick, "makes an Indian feel like he's living again." Like most Indians, however, Lame Deer is appalled and depressed by the white man's implacable assault on the natural world of clean air and clean water that sustains his life; he believes in the development of solar energy, the "gift from the Grandfather Sun," that even now was warming the cold air off the ocean, all around us.

Winding up into the canyons of the foothills, the steep rough tracks had led us far back into the mountains, though we still had a fine prospect of the sea. Where there was water, the canyons were shaded by the live oak forest, and near a small brook, wild honeybees went spinning in swift golden circles through the sun and shade of a huge tree. Lame Deer showed me the small sweat lodge of white willow saplings used by young Indians who had come here to perform their vision quest. From this place we climbed on foot out of the trees of the arroyo, making our way up a steep hillside of wild flowers to a grassy saddle between mountains that overlooked all of Tolakwe, far below. Lame Deer moved swiftly for a big man, and when we reached the saddle, we were breathing hard; we took a moment to observe the silent circles of a red-tailed hawk and the blue triangle of ocean between hills. Then he led me to the vision pit, a one-man hole dug into the hillside, with an earth seat and a small sun shelter of saplings bound with reeds. "Before choosing this place," he said, "I rode a horse all around these mountains. How the wind comes is important, because the wind brings spiritual forces from all over the country, bad as well as good, and it can disturb you if it is too strong." Opening his tobacco bundle, he purified the vision pit with smoke from a braided hank of sweetgrass, after which he assembled the stone pipe. We smoked the pipe together, facing successively in the four directions, giving thanks in our own ways to the Creator, to the Great Unseen, to *Mitakuye Iyasin!*—All Our Relations!—which means not merely our own kin but relationships with all things on this splendid earth. Lame Deer stood for a long time against the California sky, chanting in the Siouan tongue, his big voice rolling down the mountain to the seaside grasslands that reminded him so much of the Great Plains. □

COKE AND THE DEATH SQUADS

Guatemala - The Next Nicaragua?

CYNTHIA BROWN

As he prepared to board a plane for New Orleans in early February, Guatemala's President Romeo Lucas García posed for photographs and spoke to the press. The pictures show him in a fine suit, standing a head taller than his advisers and, without his general's uniform, looking like a moderately successful businessman. In a few days he would deliver the keynote address at a conference on trade and investment hosted by the International Trade Mart of New Orleans, this year focusing on Guatemala. Not far to the south, Nicaragua was building toward what became the final offensive and President Anastasio Somoza's downfall, while on Guatemala's southern border El Salvador showed signs of unrest. But the robust, emphatic Guatemalan President answered reporters' questions on the state of his country without a hint of uneasiness. "I am at peace as I go," he said, "because Guatemala is at peace." The press reported his farewell without comment, nor was any necessary. The public did not need to be reminded that, two weeks before, a major Government critic had been assassinated. The President's sanguine statement appeared in print alongside reports on the most recently discovered roadside corpse. With the world's eyes on Nicaragua, President Lucas was leaving a nation where nothing like peace reigned but few outside the country were taking any notice.

News of Guatemala's current upsurge of violence reached the United States more recently after the assassination of another high-level democratic spokesman in March and the takeover of Mexico's Embassy by forty Guatemalan textile workers in June. The embassy takeover, a surprising tactic for people who are neither

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guerrillas nor anti-Mexican, occurred because the workers, all fired the previous day, wished to publicize that their factory's closing "has as its sole objective the destruction of our union." While in the embassy, the textile workers issued a statement condemning nationwide repression, expressed support for the Nicaraguan people, and demanded the reappearance, alive, of a union leader who had "disappeared" one month earlier. While their act was sensational, their message was not new inside Guatemala.

President Lucas has defined Guatemala's violence as a "disease" which must be accepted as endemic to the nation. And certainly Guatemala has a violent history. Since 1954, when the military overthrew a democratic land-reform Government, violence has varied in degree but never stopped. According to Amnesty International, between 1966 and 1976, some 20,000 Guatemalans were murdered for political reasons. Historically, self-proclaimed death squads have operated without apparent official restraint. But unlike a disease, the violence is not indiscriminate; the death squads are fighting "Communism," and Amnesty's lists show that most of the 20,000 dead were workers and peasants. Some newly active paramilitary groups, such as the Secret Anti-Communist Army (E.S.A.), are accused by the opposition of being directly Government-controlled, although there are always official statements condemning each assassination as shameful.

Since President Lucas's inauguration in July 1978, after a dubiously tallied election, the level of violence has risen notably. A recent study by an American church group, based on newspaper accounts, shows that kidnappings increased by 72 percent in the last half of 1978; "everyday" violence (such as killings of "delinquents," attacks on persons and property) by 84 percent, and cases of torture and/or mutilation by 152 percent. One Guatemalan newspaper has reported that police files themselves show 972 murders by one particular group, the so-called "Death Squad" (reportedly a group of police and ex-police) in the first four months of 1979, or an average of eight a day. The publication of the death lists began in late 1978, and selective assassinations and attacks have followed regularly. In October, two days after being named on the E.S.A.'s first death list, Oliverio Castañeda, leader of Guatemala's university students, finished speaking at a mass rally in the capital's central plaza and as the crowd broke up was riddled with bullets from a passing car. Police standing by made no move to help him or pursue his assailants. In December, the financial secretary of the so-called Coca-Cola workers' union (the union at a Coke bottler), was shot while on his delivery route. In January, the victim was Alberto Fuentes Mohr, the nation's most prominent liberal Congressman, and in February, a university figure critical of the Government's economic policies. In March, Manuel Colóm Argueta, a popular center-left politician and former Mayor of Guatemala City, was killed, theatrically, just one week after his party, the United Revolutionary Front, had won an eighteen-year battle to register legally. Now Guatemala has a social democratic party, but the party has no effective leader. The widows of Colóm and Fuentes Mohr have both publicly accused the Government of their husbands' murders. In April, Manuel Lopez Balán, general secretary of the Coca-Cola workers' union who had occupied the post for less than two months after his predecessor had been forced into exile, was attacked on his work route, his throat slit. Later that month, a secondary school student leader, whose name had appeared on an E.S.A. death list, was shot in the street. In May, the general secretary of the Bank of Guatemala workers' union "disappeared."

Catholic and Protestant observers in Guatemala link the repression to Government fear of "another Nicaragua" and to the effectiveness of last year's protests. Though crippled by U.S.-financed counterinsurgency drives in the late 1960s and a brutal regime in the early 1970s, organized opposition revived after the 1976 earthquake—a natural disaster of such proportions that Government controls were eased to allow for national reconstruction. This loosening of the reins led, in late 1977, to the beginnings of open demonstrations when Indian mine workers walked 350 kilometers to Guatemala City protesting working conditions and were greeted by several thousand supporters. In June 1978, after more than 100 peasants were murdered in Panzós, a northern village, Guatemala City erupted in street protests that continued throughout the summer, gathering momentum around the issues of repression and the high cost of living. The demonstrations culminated in early October over an attempt to double bus fares, from 5 cents to 10 cents. The bus fare protests succeeded—though at the cost of thirty dead, hundreds wounded—and the issue of living standards drew together people who had not publicly cooperated before: urban workers making $2.50 a

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day, plantation workers earning about $1 a day, shantytown residents in Guatemala City's outlying ravines, unions striking for recognition and wage increases. The crackdown came in late October: several unions were outlawed, student leader Castañeda was killed, and the situation changed dramatically. Now, unable to operate openly, these groups and supportive elements in the churches have formed a semi-underground body, the Democratic Front Against Repression, to represent their collective condemnation of the regime. Public organizations under fire, such as the University Students' Association (which Castañeda led) and the National Confederation of Workers, the largest labor coalition, run themselves now by low-profile committees, to protect individual leaders. Street protests do not occur. Instead, denunciatory statements are issued after each assassination. Protest is also manifested in localized actions, such as the Bank of Guatemala employees' one-hour work stoppage after their union leader's "disappearance" and a May 22 graveside memorial to Castañeda attended by 150 students. In both cases, police responded immediately: a second day's work stoppage was halted and some fifty students were arrested.

In an interview with a correspondent for a London-based publication, *The Latin America Political Report,* just before his death in March, politician Manuel Colóm Argueta gave a pointed description of Guatemala's current crisis, naming specific Government officials as responsible for the repression. "More people are dying here than in Nicaragua," he said, "but no one knows there is a war going on against the population. We estimate that in the last three months there have been more than 2,000 murders." Linking business and military interests closely, Colóm noted intense competition for influence among sectors of Guatemalan business: "It is not a question of rivalry between businessmen," he said, "but of shoot-outs between rival mafias." (This comment supports other opposition claims that much, though not all, of the violence against business figures—some twenty-five were killed in 1978, according to the newspaper-based study—has come from the death squads rather than guerrillas or other antimilitary sectors.) The sector on which Lucas bases his authority, said Colóm, is agro-export—a sector composed of the 2 percent of Guatemalans who own or control 62 percent of the cultivable land. The connection Colóm makes between Lucas and these interests is logical since, according to the President's former land administrator, his properties are worth $10 million. This would make him one of Guatemala's very rich; two-thirds of the rural population take in less than $80 a year.

Both the need for land reform, and violence in the countryside, are long-standing peasant grievances. And the Panzós massacre of May 29, 1978, when more than 100 northern peasants died while protesting pressure from land speculators to sell cheap or leave, has been frequently cited as an example of what rural Guatemalans face when development plans and investment drive up property values. But, while repression is affecting all organized opposition, those bearing the brunt appear to be political spokesmen and labor unions. Newspaper accounts indicate that the plight of the textile workers who invaded the Mexican Embassy was not an isolated case. And a U.S. Embassy report dated May 25 underscores the mass-firing trend, noting: "Among growing problems is the practice by firms of replacing union workers with nonunion workers in order to break up the union." One dramatic case, in which problems have gone beyond firings, is that of Embotelladora Guatemalteca, the local bottling franchise of Coca-Cola.

The famous red-and-white symbol of Coca-Cola shows up all over Guatemala—on signs above counters in the capital, tacked onto trees in the lush tropical countryside of the southern coast region, painted eight feet high on house walls in highland towns. Pepsi-Cola is competing, of course, and successfully, but Coke has received more publicity—most of it bad. While there is no evidence of involvement by the Atlanta-based corporation in alleged events at its Guatemalan franchise, and while the bottling plant reportedly also serves other soft drink manufacturers—7-Up, for example—the Coca-Cola name has been inextricably attached to the labor controversy. In a country where the economic clout of foreign interests is an accepted truth, it is logical that Coke itself should be regarded as having a potential influence over its franchise operation. With this in mind, the Guatemalan union and North American church activists have been pressing Coke to take a position.

On May 7, Coca-Cola held its annual shareholder meeting and for the first time in the corporation's history, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, stockholders were presented with a nonmanagement resolution. Initiated by members of the Interfaith Center for Corporate Responsibility, a coalition of Catholic orders and Protestant denominations, the resolution asked Coke to develop a code of minimum labor-relations standards to apply to its franchises, in response to the Guatemalan situation. Advocating the resolution was an unexpected visitor: Israel Márquez, former general secretary of the Guatemalan Coca-Cola union and of the National Confederation of Workers, in exile in Costa Rica since March, who asked for "immediate help to stop the bloodshed" at the plant. Márquez's story was not unknown to Coke's management; twice before, the I.C.C.R. had proposed bringing such a resolution to the annual meetings and had withdrawn it after negotiations with Coke. Last year the corporation sent investigators to the plant, but despite a subsequent labor-management agreement, Márquez told the shareholders, violence had increased. He outlined a history of intimidation which he called unique even in Guatemala, and laid responsibility with the Guatemalan company's president, an American named John Clinton Trotter, who is a Houston-based attorney. The union has frequently called Trotter directly responsible for plant violence, as in an open letter published by a general-circulation daily, *La Nación*, on January 25. Whether or not the specific allega-

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tions against Trotter are true—this writer cannot verify them—the case history Márquez presented has become a *cause célèbre* to Guatemala's opposition.

Márquez stated at the Coke meeting and in a subsequent interview that the repression has included, in part, the following incidents:

§ In November 1975, shortly after the current union's formation, Trotter met with Márquez and other union leaders and offered them bribes. When they refused, he said he would pay the same $50,000 to the Government to suppress the union.

§ In November 1978, Trotter met with plant managers, a group of workers and national police chief Col. Germán Chupina. According to the workers present, the colonel stated that within six months the union would be destroyed.

§ Workers have received death threats by phone and mail. The source of their addresses, Márquez has said, has to be the plant's offices. Workers have also been beaten, some requiring hospitalization.

§ On December 12, 1978, Pedro Quevedo, the union's financial secretary, was shot to death. Márquez was present at a meeting eight days earlier when, he says, company president Trotter angrily threatened Quevedo.

§ One E.S.A. death list included the names of the union's entire executive committee and advisory council.

§ Last October, Trotter personally told Márquez that the army would kill him. Three attempts were subsequently made on his life, and on two days in January, security forces surrounded the plant searching for him.

§ In January, a plant manager told Manuel Balán he could save his life by leaving the union. On April 5, having replaced the exiled Márquez as general secretary, Balán was murdered. His successor was temporarily jailed in May.

§ Three army lieutenants and armed military police patrol the plant. They are employed by the company, says Márquez; the lieutenants hold formal positions as chiefs of personnel, warehouse operations and security.

(Since Márquez's visit to the United States, the National Confederation of Workers issued a press release on June 19 about the shooting death of a Coca-Cola worker and accused a security officer at the plant.)

Attorney Trotter has denied any responsibility for the repression and has even insisted that no violence exists. *The Atlanta Constitution* of June 3 quotes him as saying, "We have anything but repressive practices there." In that interview, Trotter suggested that, in the reporter's words, "the bottling company is caught between two disparate forces that are trying to destroy Coke's business in Guatemala: Communism and Pepsi-Cola." Trotter reportedly stated that his labor troubles began right after the Pepsi bottlers turned down his price for sale of the Coke plant.

At the shareholders' meeting, Márquez asked Coke to take the Guatemalan situation personally. "The image of Coca-Cola in Guatemala couldn't be worse," he said. "In Guatemala, Coca-Cola is referred to as crime." Coke's management, however, did not regard the problem as within its purview. Its proxy statement argued that requiring franchises to follow a specific labor-relations code would be "an improper and unnecessary intrusion" into an independent company's affairs. The shareholders overwhelmingly agreed. Interfaith Center for Corporate Responsibility spokesman Robert Morris, noting that last year's on-site investigation constituted pressure, calls the corporation's stance "inconsistent."

Failing to influence Coke, Márquez also took the union's grievances to more traditional centers of pressure in Washington, meeting with human rights groups and members of Congress to discuss the repression. He has reason to feel that the Carter Administration has shown little concern for Guatemala. Besides a token $250,000 in proposed military aid deleted at the committee level, the Administration has asked for more than $15 million in economic aid, which Congress has authorized. One Administration reason for refusing to withhold assistance on human rights grounds appears in the State Department's report on Guatemalan human rights during 1978: "There is insufficient data to determine accurately who is responsible for most of the violence. . . ." The report implies that violence emanates equally from left and right extremes, echoing the Lucas position. It notes such relatively free features of Guatemala as its press, which is not officially censored, but fails to mention that two newspaper offices have been firebombed, one liberal editor has fled the country, and journalists have been threatened.

Further, President Lucas's foreign investment promotion and his plans for development, oriented toward tourism and exports, seem to please North American business. The U.S. Embassy report cited earlier notes "the increased popularity of Guatemala in the U.S. business community. . . . During the first quarter the Commercial Attaché's office was visited by a daily average of twenty-two businessmen seeking commercial information. . . ." In January, twenty-five representatives of Florida-based companies and the state government visited Guatemala to meet with potential joint-venture partners and government officials, according to the embassy. The International Trade Mart, which hosted President Lucas and eighty Guatemalan officials and businessmen in New Orleans in February, sent representatives to establish Guatemalan contacts in March.

Potential investors, Guatemalans, and certainly the U.S. Government, are acutely aware that Nicaragua's change of Government will affect the entire region, an area of strategic importance as the U.S. southern flank. Central America, once a confederation of states, remains a region of close cultural, economic and military ties in which Somoza's downfall reverberates at every level of planning and expectation. Staunch in Somoza's defense, Guatemala is now the prime candidate for his former position as regional "stabilizer." To keep internal dissatisfaction under control and promote investment stability, current

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policies are expected to continue, with repression possibly intensified in response to Nicaragua's psychological effect. On the surface, these policies have been successful. Intimidation and deaths have created a veneer of tranquillity since October. Guatemala's economy is doing well over all, and its human rights problems have received little international attention. But with Guatemalan officials conceding that unemployment in the capital is at 30 percent, with food and energy prices rising fast this year and repression uniting groups of varied sectors and ideologies, it is questionable how long Guatemala's can remain a hidden crisis. □

THIRD WORLD SWEATSHOPS

Asia's Silicon Valley

DIANA ROOSE

There is nothing in the schooling that says anything about it being harmful to you, what it does to you.

—Karen Silkwood

Karen Silkwood was speaking of nuclear radiation; her words were heard posthumously on a tape recording during the hearing of an $11.5 million damage suit her parents brought against the Kerr-McGee Corporation, charging that the company's negligence caused their daughter's contamination by plutonium. Because of the suspicious circumstances surrounding her death in an automobile accident and her activities as a whistle blower on radiation hazards, Karen Silkwood has become a kind of martyr-figure in the anti-nuclear movement.

In words that echoed Silkwood's, a woman worker in an electronics assembly plant spoke for the millions of anonymous women in industry who also labor under hazardous conditions but whose plight is considerably less known than Karen Silkwood's:

> What we're told about these chemicals is virtually nothing. The first day that I worked at the plant we have our orientation, right? And we sit down in a room with a guy who says, "Now, ladies, at work you're gonna be working with a lot of chemicals, but don't worry, they're just like the chemicals you use in your home—bleach, vinegar and detergent. You know all these chemicals so don't let them frighten you."

The homey chemicals the company man was praising to the women in the accents of a TV pitchman for fabric softener included trichloroethylene, benzene and chloroform, which are believed to cause breast cancer and liver and kidney damage; corrosive acids, such as nitric and hydrochloric acid, which can cause chemical burns and severe lung damage; and metal solder fumes containing such substances as formaldehyde, cadmium oxide and lead, which have been linked to cancer and may injure the reproductive organs.

More women than ever before are working, and women workers are particularly in favor among employers who maintain nonunion 1970s-style sweatshops. In order to find cheap labor and escape health and safety regulations, as well as the unions, many American firms set up branches or contract out jobs overseas, where the working conditions are even worse. As a corporate manager in Mexico City put it, women provide a "submissive work force."

Because the electronics industry employs such a high percentage of women both here and abroad, it makes an excellent case study. The plant in which the woman laborer quoted above worked is located in the stretch of California's Santa Clara County known as "silicon valley" because of the high concentration of electronics assembly plants. These plants employ a work force that is about 75 percent female, more than 50 percent nonwhite and almost entirely nonunionized. The Occupational Safety and Health Administration has placed the electronics industry on its select list of "high health risk industries using the greatest numbers of hazardous substances." American electronics firms are also big exporters of jobs abroad. The California-based companies have at least sixty-five Asian branch plants, mainly in Malaysia, Singapore, Hong Kong, Taiwan and South Korea. The women, mostly between the ages of 16 and 25, are fresh from the countryside and work for low wages.

In 1977 the Zenith Radio Corporation's Chicago plant eliminated 5,000 jobs which paid an average of $5.25 an hour and $1.75 in fringe benefits. According to a company spokesman, workers in Taiwan now produce the same circuit boards for Zenith for an average wage of 36 cents an hour, plus 26 cents in fringes. Mexican workers who assemble color TVs for Zenith fare little better, receiving 85 cents an hour, plus 35 cents in benefits. Most of the employees in American electronics firms in Mexico are women whose average age is 20. A newspaper in Juarez recently advertised job openings with RCA:

> We need female workers; older than 17, younger than 30; single, and without children; minimum education primary school, maximum education 1 year of prep school; available for all shifts.

Because of the mental and physical strains of the job, the average working life of these women is about ten years.

Conditions in American firms' branch plants in Asia are similar. Two representatives from the American Friends Service Committee, Carol Bragg and Irene Johnson, investigated conditions in the National Semiconductor plant in the Free Trade Zone, Penang, Malaysia. The young women there told Bragg and Johnson that they earn about $2 per day making integrated circuits for calculators and computers. During the assembly process, the circuitry units

Diana Roose, a former staff member of the American Friends Service Committee, is now research director of the SANE Education Fund of Philadelphia.

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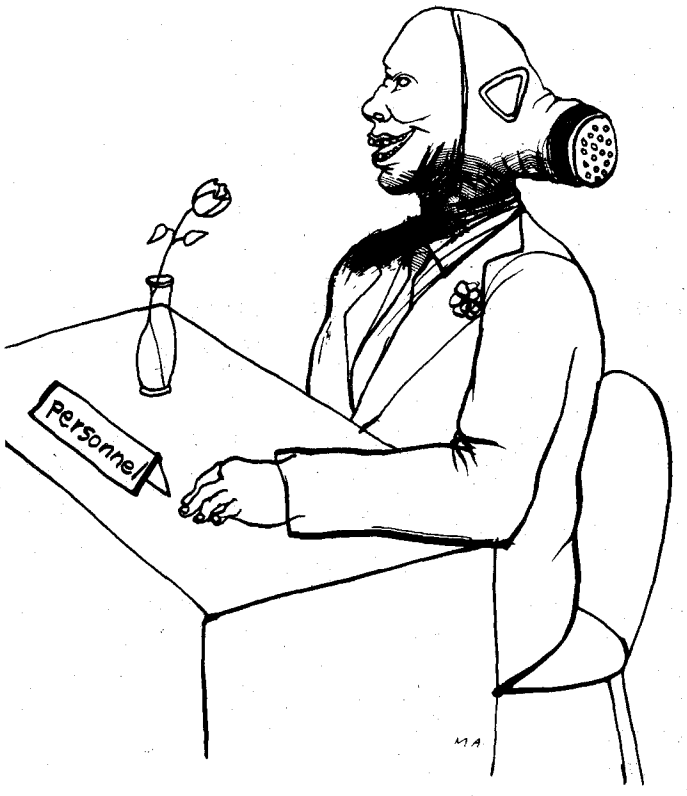

are dipped into open acid vats, from which noxious fumes rise. The women wear rubber gloves and boots, but these sometimes leak, and they are burned. Other women in the plant peer for hours through microscopes as they attach fine gold wires to mica wafers. Women doing similar work in an assembly plant in Korea have developed severe eye problems during the first year of employment: 88 percent had chronic conjunctivitis, 44 percent became nearsighted and 19 percent developed astigmatism.

Similar conditions exist in the textile and apparel industry. In the United States, health and safety problems have become a major issue in strikes in Southern textile mills, and were dramatized by the campaign to unionize J.P. Stevens Company. Women have traditionally tended the spinning and weaving machines in the mills, where levels of cotton dust are highest, making them the most likely candidates for brown lung disease. Women at the J.P. Stevens plants have organized an aggressive Brown Lung Association to fight for disability benefits and greater job protection. Now that unions are beginning to make headway in the South, the jobs are moving abroad, and the health and safety hazards move along with them.

In South Korea, some 300,000 workers are employed in textile plants, many under licensing agreements to American firms (the United States buys a third of all Korean textiles). More than 20,000 Korean textile employees, 80 percent of whom are women, work in the Peace Market, a large garment district in Seoul. Although the textile workers at the Peace Market have had a labor union since 1970, they have no right to bargain collectively or to strike.

In a diary originally published in 1977 in a magazine now banned by the South Korean Government, Min Chong Suk, a 30-year-old sewing machine operator in the Peace Market, told of working from 7 A.M. until 11:30 P.M. in dark and crowded rooms.

> When the sun starts down, our voices are lost in the sound of the machines. This is the busiest time of the day. The completed clothes take all the space and make it impossible to walk around. The *shidas* (apprentices) are working in mountains of material. When they shake the waste threads from the clothes, the whole room fills with dust and it is hard to breathe. Since we've been working in such dusty air, there have been increasing numbers of people getting tuberculosis, bronchitis, and eye diseases. Since we are women, it makes us so sad when we have pale, unhealthy, wrinkled faces like dried-up spinach. . . . It seems to me that no one knows our blood dissolves into the threads and seams, with sighs and sorrow.

Women in the Taehyup factory in Seoul assemble Barbie dolls and other toys for Mattel Inc. (Mattel used to produce toys in the United States until 1977, when 3,000 people lost their jobs as the company moved across the California border to Mexicali, Mexico. Mattel now has subsidiaries in Hong Kong, the Philippines and Taiwan as well.) Ninety percent of the Mattel workers in Seoul are women, almost all less than 22 years old. They work nine hours a day, six days a week, for a monthly wage of $57.50. They are often pressured into "voluntary" overtime, and suffer various respiratory and intestinal ailments from the dust in the air. The company controls the union, selecting its officers and deducting dues from paychecks without explanation. After the union failed to support their wage demands in 1978, 1,000 workers refused to work overtime and staged a slowdown.

Confronted with reports of working conditions in its foreign subsidiaries prepared by the religious coalition of Church Women United in the United States, which resulted in a stockholders' resolution, Mattel pledged reform of its overseas practices. The action against Mattel is only one way that American feminists and others are demonstrating concern for the health and safety of women workers here and abroad. □

McCarthyism

(Continued from Front Cover)

ization, the L.E.I.U.'s role in domestic intelligence may be graphically illustrated. The far-reaching implications of those documents have recently sparked wide interest in the L.E.I.U. (see "Intelligence on the Attack," by Frank Donner, *The Nation*, May 20, 1978), and have triggered a series of events which could lead to the organization's ultimate downfall:

§ A full-scale investigation of the L.E.I.U. by the Michigan House of Representatives.

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§ A civil suit brought against it under Washington State's public disclosure law.

§ An inquiry by the Detroit Board of Police Commissioners into the Detroit Police Department's membership in the controversial group.

§ Hearings before the California Senate Judiciary Subcommittee on Privacy, which examined the role of the California Department of Justice in the national intelligence network.

The L.E.I.U. was founded in 1956 as a result of the F.B.I.'s reluctance under the late J. Edgar Hoover to share its intelligence information with local police agencies. At the instigation of the Los Angeles Police Department's Criminal Intelligence Division, representatives of law-enforcement agencies in twenty-six Western states met and devised the L.E.I.U. as a means of improving communication and cooperation between local and state jurisdictions.

Today, the L.E.I.U. forms a vast private network linking the intelligence squads of almost 230 member law-enforcement agencies in fifty states and Canada. Counted among its membership are big-city Police Departments—from Los Angeles to Chicago, Montreal and Miami—and sheriffs, state troopers and highway patrolmen from rural counties nationwide. Its alleged purpose is to "promote the gathering, recording, investigating and exchange of confidential information not available through regular police channels, concerning organized crime." The L.E.I.U. employs no investigators; indeed, it has no investigative capability independent of its member agencies. The single most important function of the association is to provide a clearinghouse for the "criminal intelligence" dossiers compiled by state and local police.

The organization uses two separate information systems. A manual card file contains about 4,200 cards on "organized crime principal subjects." The cards list the names, aliases, addresses, personal identifiers, *modus operandi* and both "criminal associates" and "noncrime associates" of alleged organized crime figures. In addition to such crimes as prostitution, trafficking in drugs and stolen goods, extortion and murder, the L.E.I.U. maintains cards on individuals who fall under the vague heading of "others of interest to law enforcement." The L.E.I.U.'s scope goes well beyond the 4,000 or so principal subjects, however, with an estimated 20,000 others identified in the card file.

The Interstate Organized Crime Index (I.O.C.I.), L.E.I.U.'s automated information system, is equipped with a mini-computer and a toll-free WATS line, and disseminates to members information from the L.E.I.U. file. Between 1970 and 1978, $2 million in Federal finances was funneled from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration to the California Department of Justice Organized Crime and Criminal Intelligence Branch (O.C.C.I.B.), which serves as the L.E.I.U.'s central coordinating agency. The grant money was used to computerize the file cards, and to provide the L.E.I.U. with a number of full-time staff to answer inquiries from member agencies and to coordinate generally the L.E.I.U. functions. The most important aspects of the computerized system are cross-referencing of intelligence sources and its "no-hit file."

When a member requests information on an individual from the I.O.C.I., he is given a brief summary of that subject's identity and activities. Then, more important, he is referred to all other members known to possess files on that individual, and to all agencies that have made prior requests. If the I.O.C.I. contains no information on the person, his name is put into a "no-hit file." Future requests on him are then recorded, along with whatever bits of information each requesting agency can provide. Once initiated, the no-hit file acts as a coordinator, leading one member to another, without any concrete evidence of the subject's involvement in criminal activity. If several requests are received, a no-hit file is converted to an active criminal file.

Since its inception, the L.E.I.U. has claimed that it maintains files only on organized crime figures. Yet, from the face cards and the F.B.I. documents, it has become clear that the L.E.I.U. considers political activists justified targets of surveillance.

Last September, attorney Richard Gutman released several L.E.I.U. face cards which he obtained through discovery in a suit against the Chicago Police Department's Subversive Squad. The cards prove that the L.E.I.U. has compiled intelligence on political activists. In addition to Lubinsky, targets of surveillance included well-known civil rights activist Anne Braden ("long-time Communist Party member"), the president of the Republic of New Africa, Imari Obadele ("Chinese-Communist oriented"), and American Indian Movement leaders Clyde and Vernon Bellecourt.

This April, a Detroit Police Commission investigator reviewed 3,900 face cards and concluded that "approximately eighty-five of those contained information on persons not apparently related to criminal activities, but associated with groups such as the Black Panther Party . . . the Peace and Freedom Movements . . . Marxists . . . Draft Evasion Counselors . . . S.D.S. . . . Women's Liberation Movement . . . Motor Cycle Gangs . . . Southern Conference Educational Fund . . . and the Black Law Society."

The political intelligence revealed by the file cards only hints at the L.E.I.U.'s more profound political concerns. Beyond information-swapping by file card, F.B.I. documents (acquired through a Freedom of Information Act request by Temple University law student David Power) demonstrate that political movements and activists were important topics of discussion at almost every annual L.E.I.U. conference throughout the 1960s and into the early 1970s.

As early as 1962, a major focus of discussion at the Northwestern Zone meeting was "police intelligence units' role in securing information concerning protest groups, demonstrations and mob violence." The following year, at

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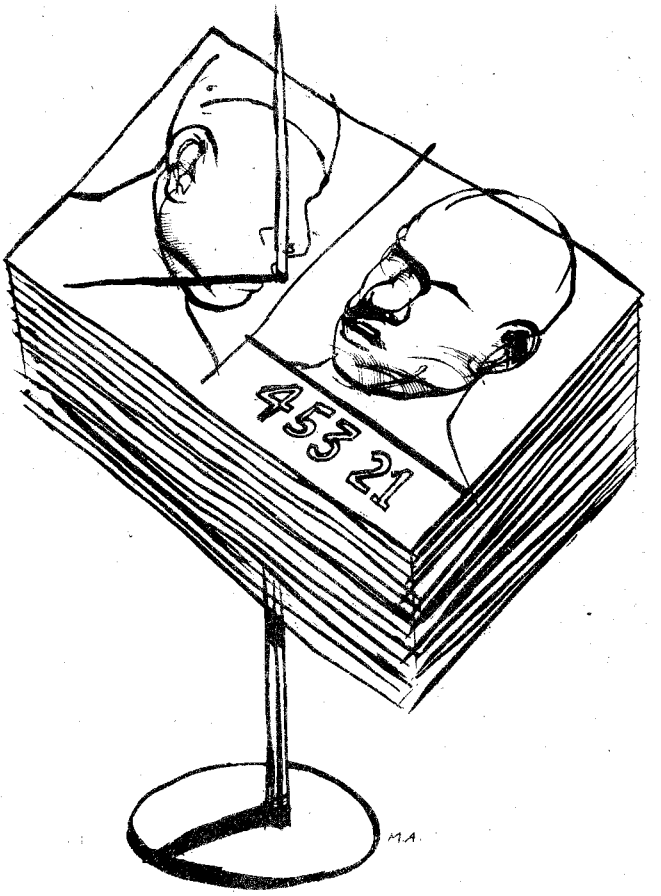
the Eastern Zone meeting, Lieut. Frank J. Heimoski of the Chicago Police Department gave an address in which he stated that investigation of "subversives" was an important priority for police intelligence squads. He felt that it could prevent "agitation" around such issues as "labor, peace, housing, education, race, religion, disarmament and anti-militarization."

In 1964, at the L.E.I.U. annual conference, a topic of discussion was "Civil Rights Movements and Their Effect on Criminal Intelligence Operations." A November 17, 1964, F.B.I. memo said that "it was indicated that the L.E.I.U. effort should be to [identify] the professional agitator and . . . work toward preventing these individuals from becoming associated with civil rights movements."

The L.E.I.U.'s emphasis on political intelligence seems to have reached its zenith at the 1969 national conference in Palm Springs, Calif. The theme of the conference was "Revolution 1969," and it focused exclusively on the investigation of radicals and militant groups. Guest speakers included then Attorney General John Mitchell, who spoke about "Organized Crime and Disturbances," and then Gov. Ronald Reagan, who posed the question, "Will Campus Disturbances Close Down Our Schools?" The high point of the meeting was the "Intelligence Briefing Reference: Revolution 1969—to cover names of local militant organizations, top leadership, traveling members, financial support and sources of other support and influence." In 1971, the annual conference again had a panel discussing the "New Left and Black Panthers' Recent Activities, Trends, Etc."

Among L.E.I.U. members, reaction to the 1969 conference was mixed. One F.B.I. memo notes that "some expressed disappointment that more topics were not included pertaining to the current activities of top hoodlums." But for all their interest in "organized crime," there is little evidence that the L.E.I.U. has had any significant effect in this area. As early as 1962, the F.B.I. (which, ironically, considered the L.E.I.U. a rival, and conducted surveillance on it from the organization's inception) concluded that "there were no apparent examples whatsoever in which coordination by [L.E.I.U.] has successfully solved criminal cases of any note."

One should always approach internal F.B.I. evaluations of bureaucratic rivals with caution, but in this case their conclusion appears justified, perhaps because the L.E.I.U. has devoted too much of its energy to collecting political dossiers. Just such a theory has been implied by the California Legislative Analyst (a state watchdog body with a function similar to the General Accounting Office's). In evaluating the Organized Crime and Criminal Intelligence Branch of the California Department of Justice—which coordinates L.E.I.U. operations and, presumably, should be making the best use of the information systems—the Legislative Analyst said, "In 1971 and again in 1973, we criticized the program for a general lack of accomplishment and for appearing to center most of its efforts on militant groups and motorcycle gangs, rather than on the traditional organized crime activities for which it was



established. . . . We see no demonstrable evidence that the branch has been responsible for eliminating any significant organized crime operations, and believe that it should be terminated unless it can demonstrate accomplishments." If the L.E.I.U. were so effective in combating organized crime, then why would its most important member agency have so dismal a track record in organized crime prosecutions?

Another reason for the L.E.I.U.'s ineffectiveness is that the information collected is virtually worthless. A May 1979 General Accounting Office audit and a Michigan House of Representatives report that same month pose serious questions about the relevance and accuracy of L.E.I.U. information.

The Michigan report determined that L.E.I.U. files contain "a significant amount of unverifiable, useless and possibly inaccurate information." For example, some of the subjects are described as "pin-ball cheat," "member of the Masonic Lodge—32nd degree," "hangout—the streets of Chinatown," and "frequents low-class colored bars." So-called noncrime associates and family members turn up on L.E.I.U. cards with disturbing frequency. Some of them are subjects' bankers, chiropractors, bail bondsmen and lawyers. Other cards list "complete families, including parents, sisters, brothers, ex-wives, nieces, nephews, step-fathers and deceased family members." One card listed the subject's two sons, ages 7 and 11.

In addition, the Michigan report notes, 71.5 percent of

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the cards reviewed were either not organized crime subjects or subjects whose alleged involvement in criminal activity was simply impossible to determine. The report concludes that "a substantial portion (nearly 70 percent) of the L.E.I.U. file contains outdated information."

The G.A.O. audit focuses on the I.O.C.I., and concludes that it is difficult to measure the effectiveness of the system in terms of its direct responsibility for increasing indictments or convictions. In fact, the L.E.I.U. has made no attempt to compile such statistics to support the value of its own operations. If the I.O.C.I.'s value is measured by its ability to provide information about dangerous mobsters (its hit-rate), then the I.O.C.I. is clearly worthless, with a hit-rate calculated by the G.A.O. at only 2 percent. Much like the information on the L.E.I.U. file cards, the computerized data, according to the G.A.O., are based largely on unsupported allegations, and are not documented by any public record information. L.E.I.U. officials admit that the accuracy of the information submitted to either the manual card file or the I.O.C.I. depends entirely upon the integrity of the submitting agency.

Even though the L.E.I.U. is completely financed by taxpayer dollars—Law Enforcement Assistance Administration grants, California Department of Justice resources and local Police Department funds—its claim that it is a private organization places it outside provisions of the law governing Federal agencies. As such, it holds a special position in the intelligence community today: exempt from all public disclosure laws and accountable to no one.

The public pressure now mounting against the L.E.I.U. may successfully change its present status, and, in turn, lead to its timely demise. The civil suit pending in Kings County, Wash., will decide the issue of the L.E.I.U.'s public or private status, and determine if the organization is subject to Washington's public disclosure law. The Michigan House of Representatives later this year will consider legislation which will ban any Michigan law-enforcement agency from membership in the L.E.I.U. If passed, it could result in similar legislation in other states.

Most important, the California Senate Subcommittee on Privacy conducted in-depth hearings in early August on the L.E.I.U. and the involvement of the California Department of Justice. Should California, which is the hub of L.E.I.U. operations, decide to withdraw its generous support, the L.E.I.U. would be forced to find another state willing to underwrite a national network of intelligence abuses.

With the F.B.I. under increased pressure from the disclosure of past abuses and public access through the Freedom of Information Act, local police surveillance activities take on added importance. There are few effective forms of control over local police spying, and no local freedom of information laws. As a result, local agencies are free to conduct political surveillance operations with little fear of public disclosure. Although the L.E.I.U.'s lack of competence suggests that it presents no greater threat than the Keystone Cops, the truth is that the L.E.I.U., as a conduit for the intelligence information collected by local police departments, has a built-in potential for serious violations of civil liberties and privacy. □

Nostalgia

(Continued from Page 133)

détente," as he sometimes likes to be called, and as the negotiator of three-quarters of SALT II, not to mention SALT I, he could find no convincing reason to repudiate his own handiwork. Yet as the Republicans' shadow statesman he had to pose as more "tough-minded" than the incumbents. Hence the new "linkage" proposals and the constitutionally dubious devices he found for keeping the Senate involved as censor in the continuing process of superpower "arms limitation." (In office, of course, Kissinger would indignantly spurn such a legislative intrusion into the President's responsibilities for foreign policy.)

Kissinger's logical problems, given his past and future ambitions, caused him to deliver third-rate Kissinger in his testimony. He used "balance" when he meant "imbalance," he talked about how this country should "address its dangers," and his formula for an increase in arms spending as a condition for SALT ratification came out as "an obligatory understanding," whatever that may mean, "between the Congress and the President." (Did he mean that there should be a new supplemental appropriation for the Department of Defense before the SALT II vote or that Congress should ignore the norms of separation of powers and receive, in a switch, a predated blank check from the President?)

In Kissinger's rhetoric, there was the usual authoritarian tone, impatient with democratic processes. This country, he regretfully said, "nurses its wounds after Vietnam," and the consequent "bitter domestic divisions" and "domestic turmoil" have caused the Government, he dared to suggest, to fail to look out for the national security. We want, he intoned, "peaceful coexistence," indeed we are "eager" for it, but the condition for that is "political restraint" (by the U.S.S.R.) and we will "brook no subterfuge" and end "a conciliatory policy" if Moscow seeks "predominance."

That last word sums up the whole hard-nosed scheme that the American right wing has concocted as the price of its grudging support for SALT II. It aims to check Russian interventionism around the globe and resurrect the American ability to dictate terms to lesser powers just as it was in the palmiest days of the cold war. Having lost our own strategic "predominance," and having seen the nuclear balance reach "equality" after passing through "equivalence," these thinkers have embraced Operation Nostalgia—they long for the days when this country could do pretty much what it wanted to, anywhere on the map.

The dangers of this attitude are obvious. Those days are gone forever. The attempt to bring them back, in the guise of hard-boiled "realism" à la Kissinger, can only lead to confrontation everywhere. Carter will be paying a fatally high price for his treaty if he buys this new/old strategy in order to win ratification of SALT II.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Turned On, Tuned Up, Burned Out

MARK CRISPIN MILLER

An obsession with the humanoid now seems pervasive in American culture: The clone has appeared in several TV shows, in *The Boys From Brazil* and most notably in a certain spurious book-length "case history"; the "cyborg" (cybernetic organism), a human being supplemented by computerized parts, first achieved renown in *The Six Million Dollar Man* whose success led to *The Bionic Woman*. Although the crippled veteran with prosthetic limbs might be considered a cyborg, audiences prefer the invincible type, able to leap over trucks and see into the next county; *The Incredible Hulk*, *Superman* and Arnold Schwarzenegger also accommodate this interest in the man-as-supermechanism. And even the ventriloquist's dummy has made a startling comeback, in *Magic*, in *Soap*, and elsewhere on television.

The robot, of course, beats them all. It is the busiest and most influential of humanoids, featured in films and commercials, mimicked in the disco, discussed in elaborate gift books, its likeness reproduced on T-shirts, masks and posters. Non-anthropomorphic robots may hold down many jobs, but it is the humanoid mechanism that attracts the most attention: *Star Wars*' R2-D2, C-3PO and the robotic Darth Vader, the robot played by Ian Holm in *Alien*, the robots in *Battlestar Galactica*. And this new popularity is accompanied by a subtle change in attitude. While imagined robots once caused uneasiness, they now exert, by and large, a warmer fascination.

Apparently human, inherently machine, the robot is profoundly ambiguous. This ambiguity once underlay the robot's sinister image. As a tool that walks like a man, it appears to be the perfect slave: strong and clean, unable to loaf or talk back, it promises to liberate mankind from life's dull and dirty jobs. All of this makes the robot too good to be true, however; so capable a slave might just as easily become the master. This was the premise of Karel Capek's play, *R.U.R.* (1920), which gave the robot its name, and of countless lesser works that also seem archaic now. The fear was that robots would either revolt outright, or pamper us all into tubby passivity.

Such fear depends upon our seeing the robot as an alien thing, coming out of nowhere to conquer or displace. But if we can somehow see ourselves as robotic, as I think we are often encouraged to do, the robot ceases to frighten. We join its ranks, and await the calm beyond passion and decision. When the world appears to us as a corporate, computerized machine, "human nature" will inhabit it most happily if it can seem mechanical. The cult of the robot expresses a celebration of powerlessness, a willingness to be led; and it is precisely those gestures which seem most "liberated" that serve this attitude most effectively.

But there is another dimension to the robot's ambiguity: the robot is a weakling that struts like a god. It is ostensibly a superman, unimpaired by old age, poor muscle tone or dandruff. And it seems no less morally strong than physically perfect: "No evil passions, no jealousy, no avarice, no impure desires will disturb the serene might of those glorious creatures," wrote Samuel Butler in 1863, satirizing the machines of the future: "Sin, shame, and sorrow will have no place among them."

Incapable of fondness or regret, unburdened by relatives, gleaming all over, the robot appears as a model of striking independence and yet, in fact, is utterly dependent. It must be taken care of lest it rust, burn out, run down. The Tin Woodman needs Dorothy to oil him, R2-D2 needs Luke Skywalker to overhaul him, the mighty golem needs the rabbi's spell. That masterful stride and calm of mind are illusory, the result of patient human ministration.

"Robotism" refers to desires or behavior inspired by this paradox of dependent independence. It is a subtle form of self-oppression, often flourishing wherever the best impulses of the 1960s have been perverted: at the disco, at lectures on "human potential," among the diehards of the "sexual revolution."

In the early 1970s, young blacks invented "robot dancing," the rhythmic mimicry of automatism: couples, wide-eyed and expressionless, appeared to glide across the floor, moving with angular precision, freezing into immobility like robots suddenly switched off, then gliding on. This splendid choreography contained a submerged message of protest. As those English "punks" festooned with chains and pins did, these dancers seemed to taunt their viewers with displays of mechanized subservience.

While the punk movement was too bitter to get far in this country, its faint vestiges continue to exploit a satiric robotism. The members of the rock group Devo, wearing industrial jumpsuits and goggles, jerk and twitch robotically onstage as they play their anthems of "de-evolution." (Similarly, "nuke suits" have become a campus fashion.) Robot dancing, on the other hand, found its way to fame, and so lost its dissident flavor. A black dance group called the Lockers worked the style into a slick routine; the white mimes, Shields and Yarnell, worked a robotic sitcom parody into their short-lived television series, whereupon the even whiter Donny and Marie Osmond did exactly the same thing. The style has become a common feature of the disco.

The disco is the temple of robotism in the 1970s. Its central fantasy is at once nostalgic and robotic, evoking old memories of Hollywood, Broadway, prewar night life. In settings of electric deco, couples dance with quick precision, smart in dress and step. The spectacle calls up romantic images later made familiar by television: a stage glittering with stars moving in perfect synchronization, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers wooing each other in midair, Valentino, dressed to kill in *Blood and Sand*, bearing down on Nita Naldi.

And yet all this dated romance is now mechanized and canned. The disco is an utterly synthetic entertainment; its music is bright, relentless, unmelodic,

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as hypnotic as the rhythms of the factory assembly line. It is the musical equivalent of the robot's uninflected speech, and its infectious precision demands a like precision in the dancers. Nothing could resemble less the hairy flailing of the hippies in the open air to the impassioned strains of rock 'n' roll.

Disco dancers are less concerned with passion than with a lustrous conformity; they want not so much to be like movie stars as to be like filmed images themselves, mere glamorous projections in a technological display. The disco is a place of spectacle, itself a spectacle, hermetic, automatic, inexhaustible; and its dancers, the elements of this spectacle, aspire to the same robotic state. "I couldn't get enough,/So I had to self-destruct," shout the Trammps in "Disco Inferno," using the metaphors of mechanism which have replaced, in disco lyrics, the conventional protests of love.

This is the disco as most people know it, from *Saturday Night Fever* and its glossy spinoffs: a wild party that stays orderly, release without abandon. In many discos, of course, the festivities are not so tidy. But even in the dampest of such places, the humping and sweating are contained, a part of the floor show, as it were. The dancers palpitate, the disco mediates: keeping the orgy within its dazzling confines, pulling all movement into line with its beat, breaking, with the strobe light, the fluidity of human motion into the rhythmic spasms of the automaton.

The disco ideal is a paradox of narcissism and surrender. Everybody is a star at the disco, posing in his own spotlight, catching his reflection everywhere; but this "stardom" is only an illusion, expensively maintained by an electrician and a disk jockey, under whose watchful eyes the dancing hundreds keep the disco busy. Thus the disco encourages an illusory uniqueness much like the dependent independence of the robot, which also owes its charisma to technicians.

Robotism now has a profitable analogue in the so-called "human potential movement" and in various cults: Americans yearn for steely independence won safely under the auspices of some protective force. Those who rush to be denounced by est instructors, manhandled by Rolfers, dunked by rebirthers or beamed upon by Moonies are eager to attain the purity and contingent strength of the machine. Self-knowledge is a snap when somebody else will work it out for you, just as the robot's effectiveness depends entirely on the skills of its repairman: "It is through my experience [of Werner Erhard] that I have most completely come to know myself," says John Denver of his guide and fellow millionaire. The many psychic self-help manuals exploit the same contradiction: In order to learn how to pull your own strings, you'd better let us pull them for you.

Not too surprisingly, *Star Wars* has been incorporated into this new dogma, most notably as part of Actualizations Inc., an est spinoff that relies heavily on the oft-repeated *Star Wars* valediction, "May the force be with you." "The force" in *Star Wars* is a vague cosmic excuse for anything the good guys try to do. More specifically, "the force" is merely the robotic paradox of dependent independence raised to the level of mysticism: according to the old sage Obi-wan Kenobi, "the force" is "an aura that at once controls and obeys."

One can discover the dubious autonomy of "the force" only by ceasing to be effortful: "You must try to divorce your actions from conscious control," counsels Kenobi, teaching Luke Skywalker how to fence: "You must let your mind drift, drift; only then can you use the force." This resembles the wisdom of Zen, but also recalls est and other such doctrines in its exhortation to clear the circuits between robot and master. The self is conceived as something whose programming has been haphazard and therefore wrong, whose "realization" depends on total erasure followed by more careful "input" from a commanding source.

It would be a mistake to note this self-image only in the followers of men like Charles Dederich and Jim Jones. Advertisers represent the self as robotic, an entity awaiting definition solely through the use of some transforming product. These messages further endorse robotism by representing the body as a disgusting mass of leaks and stenches. Before discovering "the Crest" or "the Secret," one goes through life in foul disrepair, like a car trailing exhaust. Once reprogrammed, one is not only odor-free and well-adjusted but redefined as a living endorsement, like Suzy Chapstick, the Oil of Olay Woman, or the "Mouth-Whack Machine" that chomps on Tic-Tacs.

More than ever before, advertisements lure us to dependence with images of independence meant to confront us as reflections. The smoker, tanned and muscular (whether male or female), gazes into our eyes with solemn self-assurance, over a command ("Come to Where the Flavor Is") or a terse avowal that sounds like a command ("I Like the Box"). The couple sharing a suggestive smoke have given way to a narcissistic icon. The jogger, in his solitary exertions,* is used to provide the same appeal in many ads. And even in commercials whose pitch is less austere, the sunny recreation proffered is imaged forth robotically, with teenagers in roller skates and radio headphones zipping in and out of traffic, granted mobility and isolation by the hippest kind of technology.

Ads reflect more than they dictate. The same mythology used to sell Lavoris or Dentyne imbues the assumptions of real people, particularly where sex is concerned. Since the "sexual revolution" of the 1960s, we have come to assume that physical incapacity is unnatural. We no longer believe that sex involves an essential expenditure. "This is the monstrosity in love, lady," Troilus tells his Cressida with quaint regret, "that the will is infinite, and the execution confined, that the desire is boundless and the act a slave to limit." This melancholy notion would today be noted down as symptomatic of "sexual dysfunction."

"Sin, shame, and sorrow" have been similarly proscribed. *Clarissa* and *The Scarlet Letter* are now about as timely as medieval allegory, inasmuch as sexual guilt seems a grotesque anachronism. Sexual melancholy is also out of date, foreign to the person in touch with his/her feelings: after coitus, all creatures should be jolly. Such resilience is made possible by a bowdlerized conception of sexuality, a pastime supposedly as antiseptic as push-ups, and just as solitary: the sexual act is now idealized as a coming together without union, a mutual revving of engines. This consent without surrender is merely the robotic

*Jogging is conceived, by its most fervent devotees, as a robotic pursuit of renewal with its own version of "the force." In *The Complete Book of Running*, a specialist says of the jogger: "That he is not made for the workaday world, that his essential nature and the law of his being are different from the ordinary and usual is difficult for everyone, including the jogger, to understand. But once it is understood, the runner can surrender to this self, this law."

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paradox in its erotic manifestation: You are a sexual champion if you "function" or "perform" with such strength and independence that you might as well not have a partner. And so the implicit hero of current sexual propaganda is the robot, the "sex machine" of disco lyrics, tireless, uncomplaining, odor-free and always turned on. Thus the peculiar sexlessness of the 1970s' robotic sex symbols: Arnold Schwarzenegger, bronzed and contoured like an antique car, Dolly Parton of the parodic breasts, and Farrah Fawcett, aglow with the cool sheen of aluminum.

The old prudishness and the new openness betray the same squeamishness. Basically conventional in its denial of the body, current sexual propaganda is proof of the cliché that death is "the new obscenity." As the robot cannot surrender erotically, cannot "die" in the Elizabethan sense, so it cannot really cease to be. In applauding the robot's sexual durability, however, we have not transcended the association of sexuality with death but have only repressed it. And what we repress, we find horrible.

The horror films of the past exploited an ambivalence toward the sexual act; the monster was itself an erotic menace. Dracula's nightly forays were much like Casanova's, the werewolf howled and slavered shamelessly, and Frankenstein's creature was a sort of diamond in the rough, raising hell all over town but briefly tamed by little girls. Even the mummy, all wrapped up with no place to go, had one thing on his mind once he broke free.

The 1970s' horror films present robotized monsters in whom the sexual appetite has been replaced by bloodlust. They terrify not by threatening violation or seduction but by answering the sexual thought with capital punishment. In *Halloween* (1978), the huge murderer, in blank mask and industrial jumpsuit, his movements mechanical, stalks nubile teen-aged girls, but only (it seems) to kill them for their promiscuity. (Similarly, in *Alien*, the robot's assault on the heroine is a bizarre parody of sexual molestation.) In films like *Carrie* (1976), *The Fury* (1978) and *The Exorcist* (1973), among others, pretty girls of robotic prowess (telekinetic or demonic) shatter by remote control the men who approach them; and these women respond not only with violence but with rich displays of those unmentionable juices whose concealment is a veritable industry. Wreaking telekinetic vengeance on the "fast" kids of her high school class, Carrie stands drenched in pig's blood (a prank devised to mock her ignorance of menstruation), and the heroine of *The Exorcist* bleeds and oozes colorfully while savaging (without moving a muscle) her would-be saviors.

These women are "sex machines" in a rebellious mood. Their unexpected strength recalls the dummy's unexpected mutiny; it suggests Farrah, the perfect household robot, appalling her fans with evidence of ovulation, illness, rage or any other symptoms of humanity. Both Farrah's appeal and Carrie's notoriety betray a widespread hatred of the body, for which the fantasy of robotism offers dubious solace.

But if the clanking robot with its glassy eyes is a paradigm of indifference, how can this culture be called "robotic" when it is so fervently sentimental? "Caring" and "sharing" have become ubiquitous adjectives of praise, as emotionalism becomes at once a fashion and a thriving business: *Feelings* is the title of both a best-selling self-help manual and a hit single. Every sitcom now has its obligatory Moment of Choked-Up Affection, and in commercials for big softhearted corporations like McDonald's and A.T.&T., people can barely get near one another without crying.

It is too self-conscious to be ingenuous: this obsession with feeling betrays nothing more than a panicked inability to feel. It is merely another robotic phenomenon, all these people screaming "If I only had a heart!" The jargon of the new sentimentalists is curiously revealing. To say that someone is "in touch with his feelings" is only to point out the distance between that person and his emotions: we "keep in touch" with people who are far away, and we usually do so by telephone. (Interestingly, "Reach out and touch someone!" is the phone company's latest motto.) Thus the precious "feelings" take up separate residence, as if awaiting divorce.

Other colloquialisms express robotic assumptions, presenting the self as most acute when in good working order, while weakness or confusion are described in terms which suggest faulty wiring. The tired, the sick, the dead are "wasted" or "burned out," epithets that once referred to the casualties of

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drug abuse, but now in general parlance connote all kinds of decrepitude. And the person who can "function" is a "together" person, with his "head on straight."

What these expressions fail to say is even more telling than their figurative reverberations. To liken oneself to a whole or broken mechanism is to renounce, however subtly, the desire for autonomy. If your head happens to be on crooked, maybe God or one of His various self-appointed repairmen will make a house call. Robotism is helplessness made attractive. The robotic paradox of dependent independence is another version of Susan Sontag's formula for fascism, "egomania and servitude."

The robot was a fearful thing because of its perfect looks, its relentless efficiency, its empty eyes suggesting death. It is now an exemplary thing for the same reasons. If we could only become like it, we too might exist forever, given periodic tuneups by some great technician. And who will reap the benefit of this new longing? Carl Sagan, writing in praise of menial robots, muses with unwitting relevance:

> For the development of domestic and civic robots to be a general social good, the effective re-employment of those displaced by robots must, of course, be arranged; but over a human generation that should not be too difficult—particularly if enlightened educational reforms are initiated.

Those passive constructions are intriguing: *who* will "arrange" and "initiate"? Will it be someone well-meaning, like the Wizard of Oz, sweetly dithering at the controls? Or will it be someone more like Dr. Strangelove? If all we want is to have things run smoothly, ourselves among them, it really makes no difference. □

AT MIDNIGHT

At midnight
at the edge of the point
with the dark waters snuffling about me,
waiting
I raised my head to the stars—
but no word came back
across the years
of strange lives reaching out to mine
at midnight.

At midnight
in the glib wind's stirring
a sudden dread came on me
of space
and the nothing behind my eyes:
I remembered the dead
in their hidden house
but there wasn't one who could show his face
at midnight.

At midnight
as I walked the rocks
I foresaw great nature's destruction
by slime—
the slime of which I'm made—
and felt my rage
converge within
until this self was one bright point of pain
at midnight.

At midnight
as the tide was turning
I let it all fall into your hand,
Lady,
who are Lord beyond the stars
and who bide your time
to the end of my kind—
you who alone kept watch with me
at midnight.

Frederick Morgan

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

In this age of enormous follies the grandiose absurdities surrounding the three-year approach to the screen of *Apocalypse Now* are symptomatic. More has probably been printed during the past few weeks about Francis Coppola's gargantuan venture than was written in this century about Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," that short, haunting story of a good man's deterioration into divinity on which the film is somewhat based. And Coppola himself seems to be achieving a bizarre public relations divinity, with attention shifting from the work itself to the traumas attendant upon his accomplishing it. Nor has he discouraged this displacement of emphasis; rather, he appears to encourage it, what with announcements that the film, as it developed, began to coincide with realities in his own life, that he too was moving up a river in a faraway jungle, "hoping for some kind of catharsis"; what with interviews defying the critics to do their worst and declaring that, whether the picture succeeds or fails, he is the master of his fate and the captain of his soul. During a moment in the movie when a commando group is coming ashore under heavy fire the camera swings to Coppola himself, in full directorial spate, urging his troops into action. This drew applause from the preview audience; I assume they enjoyed the arrogance of the gesture. However, the subject of "Heart of Darkness" is the madness induced in a Western man who finds himself wielding power in a setting remote from customary restraints, and I wondered if Coppola, heading up that river, was approaching some haven of megalomania. Or perhaps it is just that he knows this sort of thing generates talk (as does showing the picture in its initial run entirely without screen credits), and that talk produces box-office fever. He says

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that he has put $17 million of his own money into the $30 million production; understandably, he wants to recover that vast sum and will dance jigs to get it.

A good deal of the money went into the delays, text revisions, casting problems and typhoon wreckage on location that have beset the film, but still more of it can be seen up there on the screen. After some early routine footage to establish the central character's alcoholic reaction both to the war in Vietnam and to the state of affairs back home, *Apocalypse Now* begins to move when Captain Willard (Martin Sheen) gets his orders to go upriver and assassinate Colonel Kurtz (Marlon Brando), a gallant soldier, superb leader and humane killer who has gone berserk and is commanding a body of defectors on unspecified business of his own.

Captain Willard is, of course, Conrad's Marlow, and his journey up the river is, like Marlow's, a voyage of discovery, the difference being that Marlow discovered things about himself, whereas Willard discovers things about the war in Vietnam. Principally he discovers that it is insane and that the troops, the American troops, have been driven mad. At each new stretch of the river the stink of lunacy grows more pungent. At one point, Lieutenant Colonel Kilgore (Robert Duvall), wearing a broad-brimmed black cavalry hat, charges San Juan Hill with a fleet of helicopters. Or, to put it more factually, this latter-day Teddy Roosevelt massacres a Vietcong village and sacrifices a good number of his own men to verify his hypothesis that war is a bully game. This is also the occasion for a cute Coppola stunt: the Colonel is convinced that music from the sky panics the savages on the ground, so as the choppers sweep in for the kill, their loudspeakers rock the theater with "The Ride of the Valkyries" in Dolby Stereo. It really shakes you up.

A little further along, Willard comes upon what looks like the world's biggest amusement park, its thousands of lights blacking out the surrounding jungle. It is a combination R.&R. area, supply dump and black market for drugs. Troops by the hundreds gather in an amphitheater surrounding the helicopter pad, where presently arrive a trio of Bunnies, one of them played by Cyndi Wood, 1974 Playmate of the Year. These three wave their fannies until the G.I.s erupt onto the platform and the girls are saved from dismemberment only by their quick-thinking disk jockey companion, who had come armed with a pocketful of tear gas cartridges.

Willard approaches Do Lung Bridge, on the border of Cambodia, as the Vietcong are in the process of destroying it—said to be a nightly occurrence. The program notes specify the quantities of explosives and flares, rockets, smoke bombs, etc., that were consumed in this scene, and the effect is assuredly sense-boggling, with Dolby Stereo again in full voice. However, the point to be made—that no one is in charge—has already been sufficiently established. Coppola understands who did what in Vietnam—he is no Deer Hunter—but he can't resist the Cecil B. De Mille opportunity. His most telling scene is a rather small one, in which the boat crew, five or six decent, ignorant boys, massacre a sampan full of unoffending Vietnamese for no reason but nervousness. Overall, however, the moral indignation by which he professes to be moved is lost in giantism. Dennis Hopper, who plays the film's equivalent of Kurtz's Russian acolyte in "Heart of Darkness," appeared recently in *Tracks* as a hallucinating sergeant bringing a comrade's body home from Vietnam. It's a small picture, made for less than it cost to blow up the Do Lung Bridge, but for me it encapsulates the horror of Vietnam. *Apocalypse Now* speaks of horror—it must do so, for "horror" is the last word on the lips of Conrad's dying Kurtz—but I fear the picture will be remembered for the fireworks. And anyhow, as Conrad made plain, the source of the horror lies far from the jungle.

Finally, Willard reaches Colonel Kurtz's headquarters, a ruined temple populated by fantastic ex-G.I.s and liberally decorated with decapitated heads. In its innermost cloister lurks the Colonel, the Minotaur of the place. He reads from Eliot's "The Hollow Men." Well, Marlow says of Kurtz's encounter with the wilderness that its whisper proved irresistibly fascinating "because he was hollow at the core," so there is that parallel with the original text.

However, the contact with Conrad's story has been harder and harder to maintain as the journey progressed. The scale has been grotesquely altered, the premises are different. Marlow was a free man seeking understanding; Willard is a killer under orders. If he has learned so much on the trip into the interior, what reason has he now to kill the Colonel? Fidelity to duty? An act of mercy? Because the order of command must prevail in the general madness? The film doesn't know and in embarrassment it turns mystical, with Colonel Kurtz's execution juxtaposed to the ritual slaughter of a bullock by the Montagnard natives, and Willard walking thereafter, like a dazed avenging angel, through the catatonic followers of the slain Patton-turned-messiah. Nor do I think the Colonel was a true Kurtz. Conrad's man of mystery, on Marlow's word, came to abominate the colonial exploitation he represented so ably. He sided with the Africans, they adored him and he fell. But the Colonel does not hate the war; he hates the incompetents who are running it and the restrictions placed on its methods. His collapse parallels that of Kurtz, but the tragedy is trivial by comparison. The Colonel goes from gung-ho to spaced-out, a small jump.

Coppola says he wanted to get to the moral issues that are behind all wars, but I think he has done no more than

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demonstrate the obvious—that in Vietnam we fought a bad war. He also says it is his notion that if the American audience could "look at the heart of what Vietnam was really like . . . then they would be only one small step away from putting it behind them." Quite aside from the fact that Americans have shown a remarkable deftness at putting that war behind them, I have no idea what that lunar-landing statement means. As for the audience, I think it will see at the heart of *Apocalypse Now* an assertion that the war was one bloody huge circus, with clowns, acrobats, fire-eaters and a big brass band.

Coming down from Coppola's mountain of a picture, consider a small work of modest ambition precisely achieved. *El Super* was made by Cuban expatriates and, I would suppose, is addressed to their fellows. Anglo viewers may say of it, as they do of certain foreign films, that while the story is slight, there is great pleasure to be had from the charm of personal relationships and the insight into a little-known society. But *El Super* is not truly an exotic—it takes place in New York City, where for ten years Roberto has been superintendent of a building occupied entirely by Latins. He lives not badly. His wife is stalwart and loving, his daughter is darling, though a worry; his friends both support and amuse him. But he hates New York—primarily because it is not Havana—and he determines to move to Miami which presumably will be more like home. Why he does not go home is never clear, though the film bubbles with expatriate politics.

The cast, led by Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato, is gloriously alive and so at ease that you might suppose the actors were born and raised in their parts—which for all I know may be the case. *El Super*, based on a play by Ivan Acosta, is directed by Léon Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal. The mood they achieve is tender but not sweet, earthy but delicate, quietly funny. The film has the consistency and sureness that one associates with excellent repertory; I hope this group finds it can stick together. □

WITH EYES CLOSED

With eyes closed
You light up within
You are blind stone

Night after night I carve you
With eyes closed
You are frank stone

We have become enormous
Just knowing each other
With eyes closed

Octavio Paz
(Translated from the Spanish
by Eliot Weinberger)

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Fairfield Porter wrote art criticism for *The Nation* for only two years, from the summer of 1959 to the summer of 1961, but his achievement was notable. He brought a serious sensibility to bear on the diverse subject matter that confronts the professional reviewer. Neither grudging nor affable, neither aggressive nor passive, he contributed a much needed sense of process and craft to art criticism. A selection of his writings, *Art in Its Own Terms: Selected Criticism 1935-1975* (edited, with an introduction by Rackstraw Downes; Taplinger Publishing Company; 288 pp.; 46 black-and-white illustrations; $15; paper $7.95)—now makes it possible to look at him in perspective.

Porter was pretty acerbic about other art critics of the period. For instance, he considered that Harold Rosenberg's criticism made it "no longer necessary for the critic to see what he is talking about." Unlike some critics, he did not oppose Rosenberg in order to support Clement Greenberg, and resisted what he called Greenberg's view of the critic as an "interpreter of the Will of History." "Art is in a race with its interpretation," he wrote, and he sided with the work of art. He viewed most art criticism as really "literary criticism," by which he meant that it was writing that "put something ahead of the painting, something that the painting refers to, that it leans on."

Porter stressed the primacy of the art object as such: "To take the nature of paint as the artist's object of contemplation, to turn work into art, was de Kooning's contribution to what is called the New York School." The sense of painterly fact, whether of substance or visual syntax, runs through his criticism. He was a realist painter but he was free of the simple-minded view of the world as property to which realists are prone. Writing about Isabel Bishop's subway paintings, for example, he argued that the texture of paint and the solidity of color dominate the illusion of space and the references to figures. Porter regarded the touches of energy and grace, physically determined by the medium itself, that arise in the course of making a work of art as a part of the content of art. But his sense of craft and process do not limit him to the savoring of works of art in their singleness: on the contrary, they provide the basis for the firm assessment of artists in terms of their characteristic achievements.

Porter's perceptions demand quotation. Of Giorgio Morandi's still lifes he wrote: "Part of the quietness of his paintings seems to come from his having thought about the question of the least number of things in a class necessary for a sample of diversity." Of Robert Rauschenberg's junk culture he observed wryly: "He calls attention to the success of industrialism opposite to the way in which the Bauhaus did, which saw industrialism as it wished to be seen." Picasso's comparative indifference to process-discovery in art elicited the following sharp statement: "A Picasso drawing differs from a Picasso painting chiefly in that it takes him less long to make it." ("Less long" is typically Porter.)

Without Rackstraw Downes this book would not have appeared and he deserves our gratitude, but he has misconstrued his task as editor. It was a mistake to arrange Porter's reviews and articles under headings such as "Art, Nature, and Reality." Porter wrote according to the exhibition schedules of New York art galleries: his subjects are occasional, unified by his sensibility, not by grandiose themes. The proper way to have presented his writings, with their casual, wide-ranging responsiveness, would have been chronologically. His criticism is best read as a chronicle of the period, but Downes's groupings disrupt the sequence. In some of the sections the pieces are printed pretty much in order of appearance, but this has the effect of making the book stop and start again. That Downes ran into trouble enforcing his scheme is suggested by the feeble title of one of the sections, "Tradition *and Other Topics*" (my italics).

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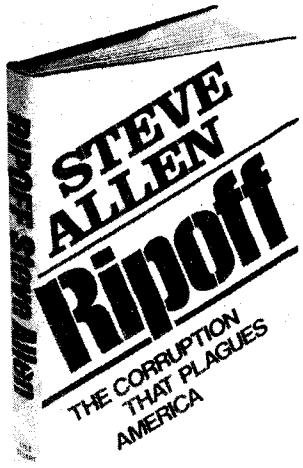

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In a successful motion picture of a couple of years ago, a TV newscaster looked at the evils of the world around him and loudly announced that he was "mad as hell" and was "not going to take it anymore!" But outside of making the announcement, he did nothing—nothing to alleviate the ills, or to help the situation.

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The subtitle "Selected Criticism 1935-1975" is true but misleading: the bulk of the book is criticism of the 1950s. The concentrated period of Porter's writing is 1952 to 1961, most of those years at *Art News* and the last two at *The Nation*. Thirty-six of his *Nation* pieces, or parts of them, are reprinted here. He lost interest in writing criticism after 1961: he still wrote from time to time, but seems to have concentrated his verbal talent on a single much-revised lecture, "Art and Scientific Method." It is a dull piece; he needed the stimulus of specific works of art to do his best writing.

One aspect of Porter's significance is that he carried the studio-based art criticism of *Art News* (then edited by Thomas B. Hess and keyed to developing Abstract Expressionism) beyond the specialized art magazine audience to a more general context. And he did so with a reserved, muscular prose very different from the elliptical effusions of other critics from *Art News*. Knowledge of how art is interpreted, according to what ideas and tastes, is a growing study. In the last few years art criticism has itself emerged as a subject matter. It was inevitable: New York has four monthly art magazines which generate an enormous number of words. Collections of critics' writings have, if not flowed, at least trickled steadily since Greenberg's *Art and Culture* in 1961. The National Endowment for the Arts awards critics fellowships and though the amounts are half what artists get ($5,000 instead of $10,000 and travel grants of $1,000 instead of $3,000), numerous critics are subsidized annually. The point is that art criticism is now being evaluated for its contribution to the support system of the art world. □

INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

Storyville is a Danish jazz label named after that long-gone neighborhood of pleasure in New Orleans. Part of its product consists of recordings purchased over the years from small American firms going out of business or going out of jazz. These indigenous collectors' items are finally being made available again in this country through an arrangement by which Storyville is distributed by the Moss Music Group (best known for Vox and other classical music releases).

Particularly welcome among the first releases is *Edmond Hall at Club Hangover*, two sessions made at that San Francisco oasis in 1954. Unaccountably, Hall, who died in 1967, is not much spoken of these days when lists of hot jazz legends are compiled; but he was one of the true clarinet originals—a player of enormous swing with a biting sound that was nonetheless full-bodied and vibrant with the "cry" of jazz. Hall came out of New Orleans where, before he was 20, he had started playing with, among others, the storied trumpeter Buddie Petit. Eventually, Hall came to New York and became a vital part of the swing era, most notably in a scorching band led by Henry "Red" Allen in the early 1940s. He also made a series of Blue Note albums—which ought to be reissued—that somehow fused earthiness, elegance and grace into quite profound blues.

Edmond Hall was literally one of "the gentlemen of jazz," as Symphony Sid used to call the major leaguers of improvisation. Unfailingly courteous, soft-spoken, always impeccably attired and very difficult to anger, Hall, when he played, was as if possessed by a hungry, sensual, tireless dybbuk. I heard him often over the years at the Savoy Café in Boston, and he never coasted. Each chorus was blistering, fiercely driving—except on ballads, of course, when all that emotion was honed into intensely evocative probings of memory and desire. There were nights when the place was almost empty, but Edmond kept playing as if he were at an overflowing Carnegie Hall. He was, by the way, a master of dramatic pacing so that he was never rambling, let alone predictable.

On the Storyville set, Hall works with bassist Walter Page (an anchor from the best of the Count Basie bands), drummer Charlie Lodis and Ralph Sutton, a robustly two-handed pianist with roots in such patriarchs of Harlem piano style as James P. Johnson and Fats Waller. It is an utterly satisfying session of classic jazz. Listening again to the fervor of Hall's clarinet, I remember how he would come off the stand, looking as imperturbable as when he had gone on, as if he had just finished a stint going over the books of the establishment rather than having once more set fire to the souls of all in attendance.

Another Storyville pleasure is *Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis/Harry "Sweets" Edison*. Recorded in Denmark in 1976, and so far as I know never issued in America, the date reunites two alumni of the Count Basie band. Edison, on trumpet, is like the Count in that his playing is cannily spare, with the silences making the pulse all the more powerful. "Sweets" likes to say, accurately, that Basie's is the greatest dance band in the world because the Count feels and shapes the beat as if dancers were present, whether they are or not. Similarly, adds Edison, "I like to play at a tempo that's not going to drag people—that's not going to drag myself. I think it should be danceable, and to play something danceable, you have to stomp it off at a dance tempo."

Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis is one of the last of those vintage, jam-session-tested tenor saxophonists with a huge sound and beat. It does not reflect well on the taste of jazz record buyers that Davis's albums—and Edison's too, for that matter—sell rather slowly. But then, there has always been a certain amount of trendiness among jazz audiences, as well as those in the other arts, and there is nothing flashily new in such performances as these. It's just insistently cooking, mainstream jazz with oversize emotions, and with technique that serves only to make those emotions clear and direct.

Among other Storyville packages are: *Duke Ellington/Johnny Hodges, Warne Marsh/Lee Konitz* and a tornadolike *Wild Bill Davison with Eddie Condon's All Stars*. The obviously indestructible Wild Bill is now in his 70s, lives in Copenhagen and is still touring. He was just about the only brass man whom Ed Hall's sound could not cut down to size. Hearing the two of them spiraling to a climax was one of the most exhilarating experiences in music. And it went on and on—until the Butcher cut one of the players down. □

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An Interview with a 114-Year-Old Magazine

Ladies and gentlemen, we are fortunate in having with us a 114-year-old magazine—THE NATION. How do you feel, sir?

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You knew the old *Post*?

Sure, I knew all the big ones. *McClure's.* Always muck, muck, muck, *Liberty.* Nice fellow, *Liberty.* "This article will take you 3 minutes, 45 seconds to read," he'd say, and we'd both laugh.

How about the newer magazines? Do you know them?

Oh sure. I remember *Politicks.* Poor fellow, died young. And *Viva*—never could make up his/her mind. Then there was *New Times*—he's gone too. Had a weak heart—took up *Running.* One thing I can't stand is this new trend to celebrity journalism—all those personality articles.

What's the matter, don't you like people?

No, I don't like *People.*

Some of those old magazines have been revived—*Life*, *Look*, even *The Saturday Evening Post*.

Yeah, they went to Switzerland and had those operations. They're nice—cute, but not the same.

To what do you attribute your long life?

Reading. Exercising my mind. I get a lot of good wholesome fresh opinions and nourishing non-doctrinaire radical and liberal politics. Four or five tough articles every week, plus some good hardball editorials that give my conscience a daily workout. Then I top it off with an intellectual cold shower of invigorating reviews of books, plays, art, music, dance, architecture, television, the media.

What have you learned in your 114 years?

One thing I've learned is, never trust a politician who says he'll never lie to you.

That's good advice.

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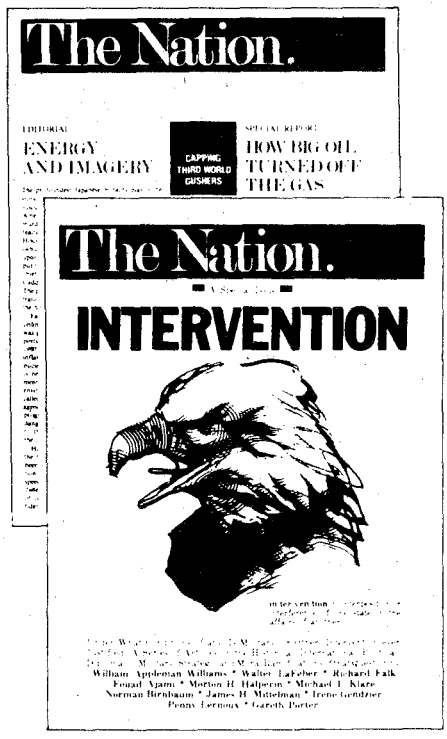

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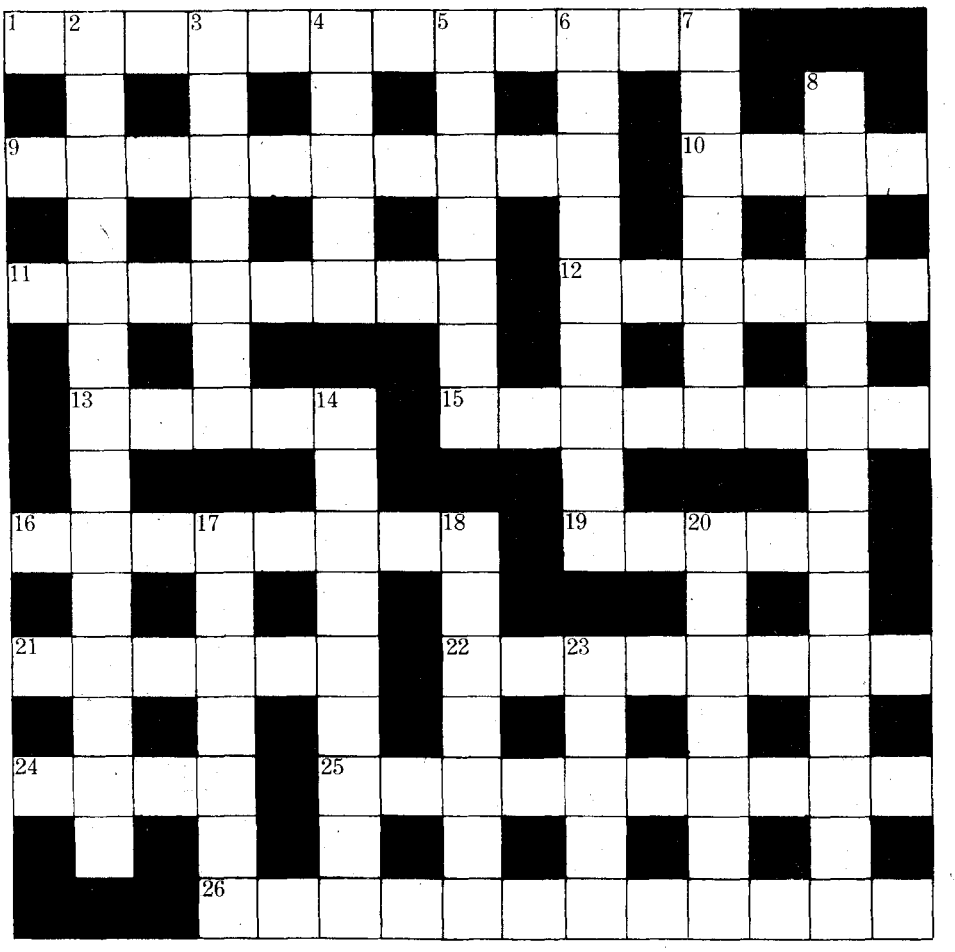

ACROSS

1 and 10 But the singer isn't told to hold it for half-a-minute! (6-6,4)
9 Urge a common man to get a publicity job. (5,5)
10 See 1 across.
11 Concerning things that let one feel beat, shoves off. (8)
12 In Scotland, they probably don't involve tossing the caber or throwing the hammer. (6)
13 Associated with a bicycle pump, perhaps. (5)
15 You might find it done on time—just before lunch. (8)
16 Set in color, and put back. (8)
19 Not so old if one were, in part. (5)
21 Pressure on such a line is equal. (6)
22 Hardly a suitable stand for a non-smoker. (4,4)
24 Eat quickly and run. (4)
25 A bad itch to race for what is controlled by other than laymen. (10)
26 Polish-lovers might heed such get-up instructions. (4,3,5)

DOWN

2 "Ouch!" for example—accompanying a supposed injury. (4,10)
3 Echo? (Things are loud if they do.) (7)
4 The time Virginia Woolf's novel took? (5)
5 This writer took a long time to get around foreign seas. (7)
6 You can make nowt this way—city folk don't live here. (3,2,4)
7 One might try to save a bite for you. (7)
8 Includes more than "on" and "off," or "up" and "down." (And it doesn't imply Wells Fargo management.) (5,9)
14 Cuts the price of tatting? (9)
17 One of the things that advanced eagerly in its quadrille. (7)
18 Flies, mosquitos, etc., from which I parted, possibly. (7)
20 Not the way of peace. (7)
23 Walked with measured tread, perhaps. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1784

ACROSS: 4 Web-footed; 9 Retracing; 10 Therm; 11 Safety-pin; 12 Media; 13 Orchestral; 17 Standing by; 21 Range; 22 Pig-headed; 23 Prone; 24 Enigmatic; 25 Foretaste; 26 Terms. DOWN: 1 Parish; 2 Put off; 3 Roasts; 4 Whippersnappers; 5 Begin the Beguine; 6 Optimist; 7 Theodora; 8 Damnable; 14 and 1 across A scrap of paper; 15 Barn door; 16 Adherent; 18 Permit; 19 Editor; 20 Edicts.

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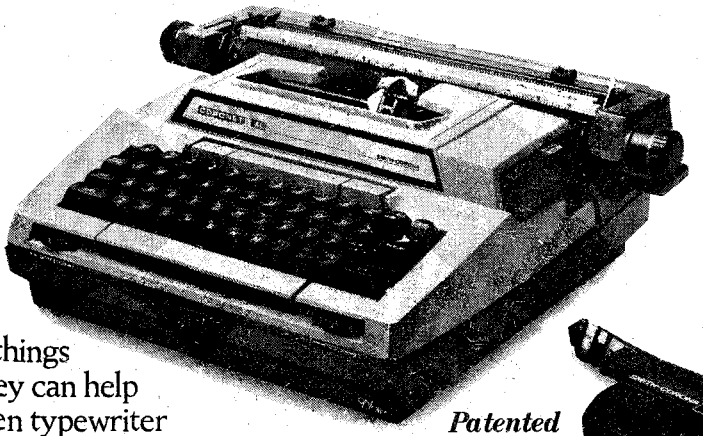
Do you make these 10 common typewriter mistakes?



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Listen to the sound. Believe it or not, a typewriter has a sound of its own. If it sounds tinny, beware. It may indicate that the typewriter's construction is too light.

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